

THE UNIVERSE.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, WOMAN'S INDEPENDENCE, ETC.

Terms--\$2.50 per Year.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

New Series--Vol. 2, No. 18.

Written for The Universe.

THE ANGEL IN MY HOUSE.

BY EDITH ADAMS.

Dark-eyed Angel, in the doorway
Of my low and humble cot,
Cheering by thy loving presence
This, of earth, the dearest spot—
Dost thou mourn that thou didst wander
By my lone and cheerless way,
Bringing all the wondrous halo
That around thy soul did play?
Like the mellow, shadowy gleaming,
Of the moonless, midnight skies,
Is the starry glory beaming
In the heaven of thine eyes;
And upon thy breast reclining,
All the Heaven I ask, I know,
While the saintly stars are shining,
And the night-winds whisper low.
Stay beside me, gentle Angel;
Keep the sunlight in our home;
Do not leave me in the gloaming
Of this earthly life alone;
Lead me by thy loving kindness,
Through the meadows calm and still,
To the fair, and fadefless bowers,
On the green, eternal hill.
Oh, beside the jeweled fountains,
Near the palm trees tall and fair,
On the golden-crested mountains—
Wait thou by my Angel there?

Written for The Universe.

WAIF.

BY G. F. GILBERT.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER II.

Daddy, good as his word, with fatherly anxiety, for his adopted, set to work, forthwith, to procure some employment suited to him, by which he could earn an honest livelihood. He tried him first at his own calling, but Sammy, lacking natural quickness, and finding it hard to fall in with Yankee ways, manifested a grievous inaptitude for the trade, that mortified himself, and disappointed his patron. He carefully formed himself, poor child, on the model of the successful Daddy: he learned, even, to imitate his cry, and did what he saw him do, with scrupulous exactness. He worked as hard, or harder than any of the craft, and did his best, but some way, he could not sell his papers.

Daddy kept an eye upon him. "He isn't used to Yankee ways, you know," he said to himself in encouraging self-communing. "These foreign Jakes, are slow, but just give him time, and he'll work in all right." But Daddy's usually shrewd foresight was in fault, for once; he gave him time, and he didn't "work in."

One day, when Daddy had sold nearly all his papers, and Sammy, the luckless, more luckless than usual, had hardly begun on his, and was standing on a corner, at a pause between cries, looking disconsolately up the street, he spied a gentleman sauntering toward him. He was in no hurry, and was slow enough for even Sammy. It was a rare chance for the boy; he ran forward a few steps, and bawled as Daddy might, at his best, "Morning paper, Sir?"

By some miraculous interference, the gentleman had escaped other newboys. He took the offered paper and, fumbling in his pocket for the change, gave it to him, and sauntered on. Felicitating himself upon the conquest, Sammy smoothed out the crumpled bit of paper, and found instead of five cents, twenty-five. For the first instant, he looked upon it as a godsend, and hailed it with a perfect thrill of delight. But the pause of indecision was but momentary; mentally resigning it, with a sigh, he started at a run, after the loiterer, already disappearing in the crowd, and came up to him, panting. "If you please, Sir, it's a quarter." The gentleman turned, amused and smiling, but he changed the sum for all his pleasant look, and gave what he had first intended.

"Hallo! Sonny, What's up?" Daddy's hand was on his arm, and his keen eyes, that had viewed the transaction from afar, shrewdly guessing its meaning, looked to the utmost his disapproval.

Sammy uncheered by his integrity viewed the bit of change disconsolately as he told him. Daddy's patience, worn little by trial, gave way suddenly.

"You little blundering fool!" he said.

"Why?" said Sammy, opening his blue eyes wide in innocent amazement.

He really seemed so anxious to know, and looked as if he would be so grateful for information, that the boy's vexation was lost in merriment; he fell into such a prolonged fit of laughter, that Sammy, red and mortified, thought he would never leave off.

"Sonny," he said, wiping his eyes, "I can trust you the more; I like you the better for it, but it won't do." Sammy was dumb, but looked inquiring.

"Now, look here," said Daddy, donning a wise and fatherly air, and trying to make it clearer; "it would be a good move, a game move, if he was a regular, but he's only a transient, you see." Sammy who did not exactly see, said "Yes," vaguely.

"Sonny," said the boy making another effort to enlighten him, "if he was one of them kind who go up and down these streets, everyday of their lives, and will go up and down for years, that 'ere twenty cents you gin away, would be a good investment; he'd just kind of euddle up, and buy of you always; but it's lost," said Daddy, with a tragic wave of the hand, "on one of them 'ere roving coves, who is here to day, and somewhere else to-morrow."

"It's better to be honest, than even to have money," said poor, abashed Sammy, taking disconsolate refuge on moral ground.

"Sonny," said Daddy, in a whole-souled approval, "in a general way, you're right; but we poor coves must live, and if we ain't sharp enough to look out for number one, you see,

we are obliged to suffer it out, for there's no number two to look out for us. This 'ere transaction of yours is all very nice and gentlemanly, and the right way, by George, for one in a big line of business, that can afford that sort of thing; but we can't; and I'm afraid, Sonny," concluded Daddy, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I'm really afraid that you are only smart enough for Geentry." To be only smart enough to cope with those in a social scale so far above him, was to lack all the essential qualities calculated to win success in the kind of life fate had thrust upon him. Sammy, buried in thought, disconsolately brooding on it, lost a customer, which the vigilant Daddy picked up farther down the street.

That night, going home, Daddy scratched his head, and looked dubiously at his adopted. "Sonny," he said, "I don't know what to do with you; you're not sharp enough, and loud enough for papers; and I'm afraid you ain't exactly fitted for anything in our line. Now, this 'ere is just where it is, I'll be blessed, if I know what to do with you!"

"Could he scratch up anything new," pursued Daddy, taking counsel with himself, with gaze abstractedly fixed on Sammy; "a running of errands?"

Daddy shook his head; "he'd get cheated, everytime; not sassy enough to stand up for his rights, and not sly enough at picking up pennies, to make anything out," he said, answering his own question. "Small porter? No, he'd be banged about by the big one, and I couldn't stand that, no how." Thus Daddy went on with the pros and cons of every humble occupation, eligible to Sammy, that he could think of, and, rejecting them all in turn, fell into a perplexed mental state, from which, having found the thing he had been seeking, he emerged with a laugh.

"I have it, Sonny, I have it, old boy," he cried, slapping Sammy on the back gleefully. "You're to sell oranges and lemons,—things of that sort; you're to keep a fruit-stand near the Depot's where people is a-going and a-coming. That's yourn regular line. You see, Sonny, it's just the thing, because you've got gaining ways with you, when you don't have to be too sly, and get so frustrated that you can't show 'em. Them 'ere red cheeks, and that curly hair of yourn, will just take the eye of them 'ere traveling ladies, wa's allers on the go, and allers has lashings of the needful. They naterly sort of stop to look, you see, and you'd offer 'em an orange, or whatever, and they'll take it, of course, and there's your chance without any frustration." And in the joy of his discovery, Daddy did, what he very seldom allowed himself to do, he laughed aloud.

Chancing to look up a side-street, while Daddy was in the midst of his merriment, Sammy's eye was caught by a drunken creature who was coming down it; a miserable, disgusting, driving woman, with dirty dress, in tatters, and a wreck of a bonnet, held only by the strings, blown from her head. Pausing to steady herself, now and then, and coming on again, she was nearing them as fast as her unequal pace would allow. Seeing she was noticed, after a little, she brushed back the long, thick hair, which the wind was blowing about her face, and signed to Sammy to be silent, while she made maudlin, facetious attempts to steal upon Daddy unawares.

She was not exactly the kind of person with which one would wish to enter into pleasant confidences; Sammy lost no time in checking Daddy's mirth, and arresting his attention. The little fellow gave a hasty glance in the direction indicated, and some mortal fear or dread of the object on which he looked, deepened the glance into a stare of horror, bleached his visage, palsied his limbs, and for a brief instant froze him to the spot; in another, sense and motion revived, he turned, sped like an arrow, down a side-street in an opposite direction, and was lost to sight in a moment.

Baffled and discomfited, the drunken creature reeled, made a passionate motion, as of a blow, upon the air, staggered against a lamp-post, and there made beseeching gesture to Sammy (who was still rooted to the spot) to come to her. Seized with Daddy's fright, the panic-stricken boy ran as fast as his legs would carry him, never stopping, until he had reached his lodgings. As he paused there, panting for breath, a form emerged from the door-way; a hand was on his arm, and Daddy's anxious visage, looking bleached and ghastly in the dim light, peered at him through the gloom.

"Sonny," he said, in a whisper, his keen glance striving to pierce the gathering darkness. "It's the ole woman!"

"Is she a witch?" asked Sammy, in a frightened whisper.

Daddy compressed his lips, and his eyes gleamed; "No," he said, "she's a devil!"

Poor Sammy, after that fearful answer, had not voice or breath for another word; his knees, which had been weak before, now smote together as Belshazzar's.

After watching and listening in a breathless pause of dread, and making sure there was no one near them, Daddy ascended the stairs hurriedly, but with stealthy steps, dragging Sammy after him. So great was his fear of the dreaded creature, that starting and trembling at every sound, he crept on at a quick, frightened pace, shrinking from the wall, as if he half-expected she was in hiding in some nook or niche of it, and, stepping out, would lay hold upon them in the gloom. But they reached their chamber in safety, in spite of their fears. Daddy shut the door, and locked it.

"Sonny," he said, turning to Sammy, with a tremulous, inquiring aspect, and a white, beseeching face. "You wouldn't tell on me? You wouldn't go back on a boy what you knowed?" Sammy, in a broken, distracted way, earnestly protested that he never would.

"Because, you see, the last time she caught me, she broke my arm; and I lay in the hospital for weeks; and she swears if she catches me again, that she'll break my head; and Sonny," said Daddy, sinking his voice to a frightened whisper, and wiping the sweat from his pallid brow, "She'd do it!"

"Then it is her, that you have been running away from," said Sammy, feeling a great weight lifted, as the truth dawned upon him, "and not the—not anybody else?"

"She's the only one that's been a chasing of me; but she's so sharp, and quick, and

knowing, that it's on common like being chased by a hundred," returned Daddy, dejectedly.

"You never wronged her, in any way?" queried Sammy, brightening as Daddy's face began to clear. "You never did"—blushing and hesitating, finding it hard to put it as delicately as he wished—"take from her—quite by accident you know, what was your own?"

"Sonny," said Daddy, in earnest protest, "I never took with these hands," nodding up those worn, and still child-like members, that had, almost from infancy, been sufficient for his needs—"I never took with these hands from nobody, nothing that wasn't mine. She wants money to buy her whiskey, that's just what she wants; and she pounds me, when she catches me, if I don't give it to her. She's allers a chasing of me up, to get it; I never have no rest," he pursued, with a hunted look, "nor no place nowhere; she keeps me on the go, she do, when she finds me out, I shall have to tramp from here." And poor Daddy looked at his treasured furniture, which, perhaps, it would be impossible to take, and for the first time, the tears sprang to his eyes.

"I wouldn't stand it!" cried Sammy, in a burst of indignation, "I'd complain of her to the justice, I'd give her over to the police!"

The boy's head sank; grief, shame, an indescribable sense of loss, seemed expressed in the ragged, drooping figure.

"Sonny," he said, with a deplorable smile, "I can't! she's my mother."

The horror-struck Sammy could not credit his ears.

"Step-mother?" he said, as soon as he had found breath to say anything.

"No," replied Daddy, with a tone and look of utter desolation. "She's the regular thing. She'll be after both of us, now, but she'll be after you the sharpest and the quickest, because she wasn't sure whether it was me, or the feller what looks like me; and she'll be a chasing of you up to make you tell; she'll coax and wheedle—she's powerful at that; and she'll threaten, maybe, and give you a blow or two. But if you could stand by me, that far, Sonny, when the time comes, it will be the best thing for both of us, for then, we've got her; and all you'll have to do is just to sing out for the police; and they'll carry her off, and march her back to Bridewell. She's there often for being in rows, and when she's locked up, I'm free; and that's the only peace I've got, or ever had, or will have 'till she dies."

He bowed his head, the hunted, miserable child, cursed by this blight, with the name of mother—and so great was Sammy's sympathy and compassion, that he felt for his sake, he could do, or suffer anything.

"Daddy," he said, "I'll stand by you, as long as I have a leg left to stand upon. She may pound me to jelly, and I'll never tell."

Poor Daddy's fears were well-founded; the miserable creature was evidently on their track. They spied her afterward, away up the street near the spot of their recent encounter, peering cunningly up and down all the contiguous ones; then, they beheld her in the vicinity, where she had caught a later, hasty glimpse of the pursued—wary with the chase, dozing on a door-step, overcome by maudlin slumbers; or, they saw her tattered dress, and wreck of a bonnet, providentially turning a corner, as they came out upon a street. But wherever or however they viewed her, they never failed, at the very first glimpse, to take to their heels, and run like lianes—no toward their home, but exactly in an opposite direction. They had a very decided advantage of her in one respect; she was, for the most part, in a half-drunken state. Moreover, a certain natural quickness and shrewdness, long practice in el-like evolutions, aided poor Daddy. She seldom caught a glimpse of him. But Sammy, more deliberate in his movements, and slower in his perceptions, without the benefit of a baleful course of instruction in such sharp practice, after a few false moves, and some discouraging failures, she managed to keep in view, from a distance, and she followed his track persistently.

One day, he was standing by his fruit-stand—in which business Daddy had lost no time in installing him. It was warm, and juicy fruits were grateful to heated travelers, so he had had a marvelous run of luck. His first supply being exhausted, he had purchased a fresh one, and had just spread it out, invitingly, to catch the eye, of thirsty comers by the next train, when he was startled by the stealthy, shuffling tread of some one stealing up behind him. Before he could recover himself sufficiently to turn, a hot breath was on his neck, a hand, heavy, but tremulous, on his arm; and the miserable creature, from whom Daddy and himself had been running, for the past few days, stood before him. She was partially sobered, but in worse plight than usual, having slept off her potions in a gutter.

Fright at sight of her, and fear for poor Daddy, turned Sammy's face a ghastly white. She had not come to threaten him, however; she was not in fierce or angry mood, but in that wheedling, coaxing one of which Daddy had spoken. "Nice boy! Pretty boy!" she said in a pitiable effort to soften her harsh voice to an engaging cadence. "I wouldn't fright, ye, sonny; I've a boy of me own, God knows where! and I wouldn't harm a hair of your pretty head, no, not for gold!" And with her dirty, tremulous hand, she made an effort to stroke the boy's sunny curls. But Sammy, growing whiter than he had been yet, if that were possible, shrank from her touch.

"He's scared by my very looks; he shrinks from me! They all do that; nobody can bear to have me touch them, or to come nigh," she said, in a wretched whimper, sitting down on an empty cask, and swaying dejectedly to and fro. "And it's all along of my misfortuns, and my poor clothes; and moaning and rocking she glanced down upon her dirty rags."

It might have been, that the instinctive abhorrence with which the child regarded her, touched, for an instant, some chord that had long ceased to vibrate in her debased nature; or, it might have been that she only tried to soften him, by rousing his sympathy, for she brightened, instantly, when she saw a change upon his face.

"I wouldn't harm ye, indeed I wouldn't, sonny," she repeated, in a tone, which she tried to make a re-assuring one. "It's many

a weary day, I've tried to get speech of ye; and it's your own fault that I might ye, by coming upon the sly. I'm an unfortunate critter who hasn't any clothes. I'm a poor mother, sonny, who, without a shelter for her head, is a searching and a pining for her lost and only son, who would give her both, if she could find him. I want to go and be alonger him, and he like a human critter; I want to be alonger him, because I love him, sonny, only, just because I love him."

She shot a correct, cunning, evil look at the boy, which seemed to express quite a different reason. To see the miserable mother simulating an affection long since dead; to see her love for drink, so much stronger than love for her child, that she tried to act one, to gain the other! Sammy could find no words to answer, and could only stare at her, in a horrified way.

"Sonny," pursued the hag, drying her maudlin tears, on her rags of bonnet strings; "Pretty boy! good boy! you wouldn't grudge to help a poor woman, if you could, by saying a word or two; now, would ye? The one that ran away from me, when I first came up on you, sonny, what is his name?"

"I don't know his name," said Sammy, and he didn't run away from you; he never saw you." The white, determined face, ingenious enough to betray the deceit, turned steadily upon her.

"You're lying to me!" she cried, with rising passion.

"I ain't," said Sammy, gallantly maintaining the same determined front.

"Don't you think it odd," pursued the creature, in ironical disdain, at his feeble effort at deception, "that he should run from one he never seed, or knowed about? now, don't you think it uncommon odd, sonny?" The shrewd, cunning look with which he said it; the malicious leer on the half-drunken face, was dreadful to behold.

"You been a listening to the lies of my amnatul child agin me; I wasn't sure of it afore, but I am now; you've been a listening to his lies, you have; but you have gained nothing by your own, young Mister! I'll keep ye both a dodging and a running, and a shitting here and there, as I've kept him, for many a year; mind ye that!" bouncing toward him, and shaking her fist in his face, "I'll follow ye both till ye are weary!"

"Go away ye said Sammy," "Go away, or I'll call the police."

"Do you dare to threaten me with beaks?" shrieked the now thoroughly enraged creature; "you little, thief of the world." And seizing him by the arm, she dealt hasty blows upon his shrinking head. Sammy made no outcry, but the strong arm of the Law fortunately intercepted her in the midst of her frenzy.

"At your old tricks agin," a policeman said, who had snatched her from the pallid boy, who had crouched by the side of his overturned stand; and amid her frantic cries he bore her away, to the infinite relief of Sammy who, nevertheless, could not forbear tears at sight of the havoc done to his fruits.

CHAPTER III.

The two boys sat together one evening, soon after the event narrated in the last chapter, talking over the matter and trying to find some gleam of consolation in the fact that they were secure for a season, at least, from any farther attack from their persecutor. But Daddy looked forward dubiously to the trouble that might be in store for them.

"While she's in the lock up," he said "she'll be a thinking, and a planning, how she can revenge herself; she'll hit the nail on the head—she always does—and we'll catch it when she gets out again."

At this dolorous prospect, poor Sammy's round face grew almost as long as Daddy's thin-visaged one, and he tremulously inquired, whether Daddy's prolific mind had generated a plan that promised hope and protection for them.

"I have been thinking these three days," replied Daddy, wearily passing his hand over his brow. "I've been a thinking, till my head was fit to split, of ways and means to circumvent her; and I've hit on a plan, that'll do it, leastways, that I think will do it. When she gets out, and tracks us here, as she is sure to do, sooner or later, dodge as we may—if she should come some day, and creep in on the sly, and see a w man a sitting here and a sewing, don't you think, Sonny, that she'd naterly conclude that this ere apartment was hers, and that if she grabbed what she could lay her hands on, the law would grab her? That, you see, saves the furniture."

"It saves the furnitur," said Sammy, disconsolately, "if we had the woman."

"The advantage of having a woman to keep house when we are gone; to mount guard over these ere traps, and be on the lookout generally, is beyond the boundaries of calculation; that's just about where it is," said Daddy feeling he had found a fitting phrase to express the thing, and nodding gravely to Sammy, as he repeated it, while he smoked with dawdling satisfaction.

"If we could get her," said Sammy, with a hopeless air; "but we can't, you know." "Can't we?" exclaimed Daddy, brightening, for the first time, and looking at the sad, perplexed face with a twinkle in his eye. "Now, don't you think we can?"

Sammy was on the point of saying "No," but, looking up, a sight of Daddy's significant face, inspired him with a vague hope that made him tremble; he waited in a breathless, excited state for him to go on again.

"I think we can; I've pitched on the right sort of person, Sonny, I've got the woman in my eye," returned Daddy, excitedly. What do you say, now, to sending for your mother?"

"Say? Poor Sammy was so overcome by the prospect, that he couldn't say anything. He had such implicit faith in the successful Daddy doing anything he proposed to do, that, with the tears running over his face, he grasped his hand as speechless with gratitude, as if the end in view were already accomplished.

"She'll be a sitting in this 'ere weary room in less than two months time," said Daddy, throwing away his pipe, and capering about, overcome by Sammy's gratitude, and so delighted a prospect, and in the ardor of his

joy—he shook Sammy's hand until his arm ached, and whooped and hallooed, and danced about the room in war-like fashion, flinging imaginary tomahawks and indulging in other savage demonstrations of delight.

"Oh, if we can only do it; and she can come?" sighed the fearful Sammy.

"Why, look here, what you talking about?" cried Daddy, pausing in the midst of an Indian jig; "She shall come. Money will bring her, and we can earn it, you and I."

"I'm afraid," hinted Sammy, meekly, that she'll be out again before we have a chance to earn it."

"We'll make sure of her time," replied Daddy, and earn what we can, and I know a cove, what heired something handsome, a spell ago, who will lend me what we want, and wait for the pay; I've arranged it all, Sonny, never fear." He spoke encouragingly; but Sammy's reference to his mother, had stopped him in the midst of his jig.

"Sonny," he said, looking proudly about him, as he picked up his pipe, and settled back in his chair again, "that ar mother of yourn, I take it, would make a home out of a mud hut; she'll make a palace out of this 'ere furnished apartment." Homely praise, it was, but what true woman could ask for higher? Sammy's eyes shone; but with this tribute to her worth, Daddy's brief glow of joy, that had begun to wane already, died out altogether. His life had been too sad, for such feelings to have more than momentary away; smoking, he brooded and saddened as was his wont.

"Them are reasons aint the only ones. why I want her to come, Sonny," resumed Daddy, after a thoughtful pause; "why I'd work my fingers to the bones, if need be, to get her here, is for better reasons than that. As I said afore, I never had a home or mother worth mentioning; and I thought if it wasn't too late, and I wasn't too set in the ways that have been forced upon me, that I'd like to be brought up in the ways of them as had; I want to have her teach me something; I've pursued with wistful sadness, 'I'd like to have her educate on me, if she would be so kind. I know I'm but a rough cub, with only a heart in the right place, and everything wrong about me; I would please at first, may be; I'm not exactly what ones means when they say 'taking'; but I've thought that—that, perhaps, Sonny, she'd take to me a little, because—because I took to you."

His sad, distrustful aspect, his tremulous trust in her, was piteous to behold. Sammy's ardent protest, his glowing assurances on her behalf of motherly interest and affection, softened, but did not dispel his sadness. The little fellow, having smoked his pipe out, went to bed with a sigh.

The work they agreed to do, that night, was set about immediately. Daddy, as a preliminary measure, found out, or thought he did, the exact term of his mother's imprisonment, and portioned out the time; so long for them to get the money; so many days for the money to get to her, and so many for her to come.

Weeks went by. The work, meanwhile, being prosecuted with vigor, the small sum that had, at first, gladdened their eyes as the nucleus of their great undertaking, under Daddy's skillful management was rounding and filling out, rapidly growing into the goodly proportions of the sum they needed. It was not merely the gains from the usual business of the day, that was devoted to the purpose; they denied themselves all the little comforts they had grown to the way of having since they had been together, and saved the small amount; Daddy sold some of his treasured trinkets, and one article of his only decent suit, to swell the growing sum; and they worked, over hours, with eager anxiety, at whatever their hands could find to do. They came home late at night, wearied as they never had been before, but not too weary, as they added their nightly offerings to recount and gloat over the amount in their possession.

[Concluded on last page of this issue.]

Written for The Universe.

WHAT WORK OUGHT SPIRITUALISTS TO DO?

BY DR. HALLOCK.

Before entering upon the consideration of what I deem to be the vital relation of Spiritualism to the questions of the day, permit me to give some additional reasons why those who profess to be its disciples, can not, consistently, refrain from bringing its light to bear upon topics, now under discussion throughout the civilized world.

And first, let me ask, what shall we do with our discipleship now that the basic question, which gives significance to the name we profess, is settled? Is a recognition of the fact that man is a spiritual being to be the starting point, or the conclusion of our labors in the field of spiritual investigation? That great fact is settled so far we are concerned; but it was settled for us, and not by us. The spiritual world revealed itself. We did not take it by storm; it was not the captive of our prowess. Our work was to "sit still"—to be receptive, to look on, merely, while those only who could work efficiently in the solution of that grand problem, were about their proper business. They are at work still; constantly, universally. Should not their efforts stimulate us to action?

This is a working world. History is but a record of its labors; the great men are its great toilers. Its work, throughout the ages, has been upon the very problems which beset it to-day. Consider its books, its institutions. To look at these in the light of their errors alone, would be unjust to them and injurious to ourselves. On the contrary, while we criticize their faults, they should be recognized as honest efforts in behalf of a common cause—the social question. Suppose Fourier's efforts at his solution have failed—wisdom may be

extracted from failure. The relation of the sexes—"The Woman-question" if you please,—the Mormons, the Shakers and the Oneida community have been at work upon it for years. They deserve the world's thanks rather than its censure, for the reason that the most efficient way to prove a falsehood, is to live it. When a dogma, professing to be the untying of some knotty point in the world's logic, takes to itself form, puts on a working dress and enters the field as a day-laborer, it must needs work to profit in one way or another.

There is no safety in the logic that is untied. Trial is proof whether or not it be logic. I take great encouragement for the future, from the common instinct of mankind to put all its ideas into form. Throughout every department of human effort, we may trace this instinct of incarnation. The mechanic puts his ideas into a machine, the politician, his into a party; the Theologian gets his expressed by a sect. The reformer (so called), as yet, must needs content himself with a "platform." Perchance his idea is not sufficiently developed for birth into symmetrical shape. Let him be patient; there are monstrosities and deformities enough still walking the earth.

There is a gleam of sunshine too, in the fact that the mechanic invariably gets his idea into a better shape than any other worker. His machine—the form, or body of his idea—works for a common good. It is an organization, perhaps, that may be improved—that is, brought nearer in outward expression to the eternal beauty which animates it; but it is never to be abolished.

Now, it can not be said of any other machinery, at present in operation, that its work is *only good*; while of the most of it, the spirit of the age demands that it be utterly abandoned. For a further elucidation of the longevity and uses of certain rival specimens of machinery now running upon the track of civilization, see the picture on the outside page of *Harper's Weekly* for Oct. 9th, and judge, which of the two machines, the locomotive, or the three-storied hat and the umbrella is likely to hold the track the longest, or be of the most use.

What fearfully mistaken ideas do the machines we name prisons and gallows embody! What a blot upon the fair landscape is a "county poor house"! These shall not, like the creations of the mechanic, stand forever. And why? Simply because the forms of the one are animated by principles in nature, while of the other, their life is the doctrines of theology.

Now, the sunshine I spoke of as radiating from the superior symmetry and longevity of mechanical over institutional creations, reveals the true field whence ideas are to be derived. In the light of it, we see that we may, nay, that we must withdraw our gaze from the church of Rome, the church of England, the philosophy of France, and their mere echoes which we name, collectively, Protestantism, or freedom of religious speech, and fix it upon Nature, if we would find the principles or means which would give perpetual peace to the inner life of man and make its outward expression beautiful.

The encouragement I derive from this instinct of incarnation, arises, not from the creations themselves, but from the fact that when this blind, but resistless propensity to build, shall be governed by a knowledge of principles, it will as surely incarnate truth, as heretofore it has, for the most part, constructed falsehood. At present, institutionalism, whether of church or state, shows bravely in marble and mortar only. Internally, the view is not so grand to the artistic eye. They do not seem to answer the end of their creation. They overlook the street; but they do not influence it for good, to any appreciable extent.

The recent flurry in Wall street set some of the pulpits in motion last Sunday; but they had nothing save Matthew, VI chapter, vs. 19th and 20th; 1st Timothy, 6th and 9th, and Exodus XXIII, 1st and 16th, wherewith to pat down that rampant pandemonium. One clerical watchman found it necessary to apologise for bringing Wall street into the sacred edifice to be confronted by so much as Exodus; his resolution having been, "To preach nothing from his pulpit but Christ." What cares Wall street for Exodus, or the first epistle of Timothy, or the sixth chapter of Matthew? Wall street is here, notwithstanding, and its Bulls and Bears rage more furiously every year. Little help in Exodus, methinks, for the growing evil. Little help from books—none at all, unless the books are understood; no help from men who hurl them against evil, simply because they are books. Heavier ordnance than books, though hurled with whatever projective force there may be in the word "Sacred," must be brought to bear, if evil is to be overcome.

Evils of every form have one common root, which is *ignorance*. Truth—the real, the unvarying, the eternal fact of things—is omnipresent. Knowledge is the perception of it; Wisdom is its application—its necessary and natural complement. Men do not sin understandingly in their relations with stem; the only depravity they manifest in that direction is ignorance. Why then should they sin with gold but for the same reason? The killed and wounded in that western fair, did not know; had they known, they would have saved themselves. The instinct of self-preservation would be a sure guarantee against suffering of every kind, did we know truly our own nature, and that of the things with which we have to do.

Now, as Spiritualists, we claim to have discovered some additional truth in this direction. Shall we use it, or shall we bury it? Shall we leave the marriage question to the saints of Salt Lake or the apostle of Oneida? Shall we leave the social question to the disciples of August Comte, and the money-question to the bulls and bears? Shall we rest content that religion should express itself in ceremony; its worship breathed through an organ, its faith in the Divine presence exemplified by a wax candle; its morality measured by the street, and its reason confined to quotations from Scripture? As it seems to me, my brethren, if we shall elect that we have nothing to say on these topics, something will be said to us, and that right speedily, which will be quite other than agreeable to feel, if not to hear.

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1899.

Written for The Universe.

JOY, JOY, JOY!

BY MRS. C.

[Atr., "Tramp, tramp, tramp!"]

Here within the twilight gray,
We are waiting for a ray,
From the happy ones we loved in the days of yore;
And we feel that they are here,
With some kindly word of cheer,
Brought unto us from that peaceful happy shore.

(CHORUS.)
Joy, joy, joy! the loved are coming,
Angel-bands are with us here;
And within each happy home,
We will greet them as they come;
For they bring us words of heavenly hope and cheer.

Darkness will be void of fear,
If we feel that they are near,
And we never more can falter on the way;
For they give us faith and love,
To sustain us as we move,
And we know, with us, they evermore will stay.

(CHORUS.)
Joy, joy, joy, etc.
Then we'll calmly labor on,
Till our earthly work is done,
And our future—we will leave it with the Lord;
For if we but faithful prove
As the stewards of His love,
We are certain of a sweet and blest reward.

(CHORUS.)

Joy, joy, joy, etc.

BEHIND A SOFA.

I like to creep away into corners and hide myself with the fold of a curtain, or half-open door, or behind one of the great painted fire-screens, or in the shadow of the tallest furniture. There I have odd little fancies all to myself, and wish things and dream things which nobody knows anything about. For I am different from all the rest; my parents are tall and handsome, and Louise is the prettiest girl I ever saw. Then, my brother Harry, who was killed in the Indian mutiny, was like a prince in a fairy story, so brave and beautiful. But I! I am small and feeble. I cannot run or wrestle, and there is something growing on my shoulders which keeps me from standing straight, and they call me deformed. I shall never grow any more; strangers think me nine or ten years old, but when I count the years from the date in the family Bible, I find I am sixteen. People always speak kindly to me, with a pitying look in their eyes, and once in a while I pity myself, but not often. I like to be this queer little figure. Louise is like the lovely ladies in legends and ballads, and I am like the imps and dwarfs; when I read about them I look at myself in the mirror, and make grimaces, and whirl over on one hand and then on the other, till Louise looks distressed and begs me to stop. Being what I am, of course I don't often go anywhere, except in Summer when we leave town, and nobody makes me do anything; so I roam all over the house, and read, and lie with my eyes shut for day-dreams, and am merry and happy almost all the time. I wish I was only six inches high, what fun I would have in the world! Then when we are in the country I could ride on the birds' backs, and down in the woods I could sit astride of the great lush toad stools, and drink from acorn-cups—or by the seashore, I fancy I could launch a nautilus and sail away like any grim little sprite. However, to be four feet high has its advantages.

When Harry was wounded, and lay in the hospital, knowing he must die, he wrote a long letter to my father and mother, full of grief, and comfort, too; and then he told them a thing which surprised them greatly: How he was engaged to marry a girl in a town in which they had been quartered. How sweet and lovely she was, and how desolate she would be now; and he wanted them to send for her, and to love her like a daughter. I clasped my hands at that. I like to have people do things to interest me; and the idea of poor Harry having fallen in love! For I know very well what love is; I have read the "Raid Queen" all through, and a great many romances. And some time ago I began a sly watch over Louise, on account of a certain Philip Rayburn coming to the house very often.

But about Harry's lady-love. My mother does not like strangers very well, but for Harry's sake made a difference, and my father urged the plan. As for Louise, it seemed as if she could not be eager enough for the coming of this Miss Emily Grey; she was so determined to cherish and love her. For my part, as home is all the real world there is for me, I like to have as many characters in it as possible. So, when we heard that Emily Grey was coming to England, we invited her to stay with us.

She would not come at once. She was timid, it seemed; or perhaps, Harry being dead, she would rather have avoided his household. But Louise pleaded with her, and wrote her a great many loving letters, and at last Emily came.

Emily came. That first evening when they brought her into the parlor, I was lying under the table with my head on a hassock, thinking about the Old Man of the Sea in the "Arabian Nights," and wishing I had been one of the geni of those days. But when Emily entered, I forgot everything else, and peered out from under the table-cover at her. What a dainty little lady she was! so pale and slight, she made me think of frail, fluttering, yellow butterflies; partly, I suppose, because of her yellow curls, which fell all over her shoulders when Louise took away her hat and shawl. Her eyes were wide, and pale and blue, her cheeks were colorless, and she had a frightened, deprecating way of looking up, even after my stately mamma had embraced her. But Louise kept about her, and cheered her, and talked to her, till she began to look brighter. Louise was so different, such a darling "nut-brown mayde," with honest dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and lips always ready to smile. Louise is my beauty.

My father and mother went out for a while, and Louise still talked to her guest, while I lay very contentedly on the floor, all curled up just where I could see all that passed, without turning my head. Louise went to an *eglare* at the other end of the room to get a little picture of Harry, and I idly kept watch of Emily. That moment she interested me;

her wide pale eyes narrowed and grew intense, she cast a quick, furtive glance at Louise, and around the room, curving her little white neck, and a strange bright smile flitted over her lips. I thought instantly of Coleridge's Geraldine with the evil eye, and just for fun I lifted the table-cover and put my head and shoulders out so that she could see me. I am afraid I grinned at her. She shrieked and flung her hands before her face. Louise came running back, and asked what had frightened her.

"Oh!" she whispered, "such a dreadful face peered at me from under the table! There it is again!" And she shuddered.

"Charles!" exclaimed Louise, looking around, "come out, you naughty boy, and speak to Miss Grey. It's only my brother Charles, our pet. He is full of freaks. One never knows where he is."

Emily Grey looked at me like the saddest and sweetest little creature that ever lived, as I went up to her; and she reached out her small white hand to me, and said, in a low, musical voice: "So this is dear Charlie. I have heard of him. We will be friends, won't we?"

"Will you tell me stories?" I asked. She laughed merrily.

"Yes; heaps of them, child."

"Did you love Harry?" I asked again.

She shivered at that, and looked imploringly at Louise.

"Charlie, you are unkind," said Louise reproachfully.

"Well, then, I won't ask her if she loved Harry. I'll go off and read my book of hobgoblins."

"Oh, no! don't be vexed, Charlie," said Emily with great sweetness. "Stay by me, and I will tell you a story." So I stopped, and she told me a senseless story of two girls who went to school. When I saw it wasn't going to amount to anything, I started to leave her.

"I don't like that," I said. "I like witch stories."

"Ah!" she replied, smiling, "perhaps this will be better." And then she told me a story of an old witch who had a throne down in the slime of the sea, with a string of bones around her neck, and a toad perched on each shoulder. And this witch bought souls, and gave people power over hearts in exchange.

"That was a good story," I said at the end.

"And now, dear Charlie, go to bed," Louise directed. So I kissed my pretty sister's hand and glided off.

Emily very soon learned to be perfectly at home with us. She seemed to wind herself about the hearts of my father and mother, and as for Louise—Louise would have walked over burning plough-shares to do her service. I liked her about half the time, and the other half felt like teasing her. She would grow so white and terrified when I sprang out at her from behind curtains and doors. More than ever I wished that I had fairy power, to change myself into all sorts of shapes—a tiny flea to hop into her ears, a yellow snake to twine myself with her curls, a mouse to run over her pillow, or an elf in her desk to open her letters! She was such an absurd coward. But being four feet high and not a fairy, I could only find my wicked pleasure in annoying her by constant surveillance and sudden starts. She seemed afraid to be angry with me, and never exposed me. Perhaps her conscience made her uneasy, for my dear, innocent-hearted Louise never was startled or terrified by her dwarf Charlie's tricks.

Oh, slender, willowy Emily, yellow-haired Emily, my brother's darling! why were you not all Louise dreamed you, pure-hearted and true, sorrowing and loving? My father treated her as another daughter, and declared she should never leave us; my mother gradually came to consult her exquisite taste in all little matters which Louise formerly decided. And at last they even insisted on her putting off the badge of her fidelity to Harry—her mourning, despite the sad little shake of her head in remembrance.

"She shall not make a nun of herself," exclaimed my father.

"My heart will be in mourning all the time," she whispered to Louise; and Louise kissed her.

Spring came, and our mother commenced house-cleaning on a grand scale; every room was visited, scoured and painted, and the furniture re-arranged. How she made the servants fly about! Every one wished it well at an end; every one but I; I found too much fun in it. I rolled over on mattresses; made nests to curl myself up in among heaps of blankets; revelled in hidden relics, brought to light; perched myself on cupboard shelves; read "Gulliver's Travels," undisturbed in the pantry by a jar of sweetmeats; and a dozen times nearly tripped over my portly butler as he was carrying loaded trays up the stairs. When the raid extended to the sitting-rooms I found unanticipated pleasure. The statues of bronze and marble had always looked at each other so unmoved from their different corners, that it provoked me. I had read somewhere in a German story of a house where the China figures of a shepherdess and a chimney-sweep made love to each other when no one was in the room, and finally ran off together. I was always hoping something of the kind might happen in our art collection; and now, when all the casts and figures were set down in a crowd on the great centre-table, it really seemed as if they could not keep silence. At night, when every one had gone to their rooms, a whim seized me to creep softly downstairs, and peep into the drawing-room to see what was going on among the bronzes and marbles. The moonlight lay across the table, and Psyche unchanged never breathed or moved, though a bronze Pan made mute music of his pipes before her, as motionless as she. Faust did not kiss Marguerite; and Mercury, poised on one toe, did not catch at the chance to substitute the other foot. Altogether the assemblage was a failure. Have the fairies then never yet crossed the ocean from Germany?

There was a low hum of voices in the kitchen below; so, disappointed in my miracle-seeking, I thought I would slip down stairs and see what was going on so late. The butler, the cook, and the chambermaid each stood, candle in hand, lingering over some dispute.

"Well, leastways," said the butler, "Miss Emily have a very sweet manner, and that's all I know."

"She have her own way, that's what she have!" said the cook.

"Hum!" interrupted Kitty, "she makes odd chills run over me. She's winding 'em all about her two little fingers, and she has the evil eye for certain. Mind you, she brings no good!"

Next morning, as I met Emily on the staircase, I stopped her and looked straight up at her face.

"What's the matter now, Charlie?" she asked, with a toss of her yellow curls.

"I want to see your eyes; please look at me."

"What for?" she demanded, without meeting my glance.

"Kitty says you have the evil eye for cer-

tain. What does she mean, Emily?" I asked, mischievously.

"I should think, Charlie, you might know by this time what servants mean is not of the slightest importance." And she moved haughtily by me.

A week after Kitty was dismissed, Louise pleaded for her in vain. She had lived with us for six years, and I asked my mother what fault she had committed.

"Emily has discovered her in some dishonesty," mother said, quietly. "I don't know what I should do without Emily."

Evidently, Emily was quite usurping Louise's place, but Louise did not seem to mind, and loved her just as well. One day I asked Lou if she wasn't jealous. She blushed brightly, and said, with a shy smile—"Why, Charlie, if ever I should be leaving home, you know, I should feel so much better to have my place filled, so that they would not miss me!"

"I should miss you. I should miss you!" I exclaimed, clinging to her, and half crying. She bent and kissed me.

"My darling boy, do you think I should not take you with me? We will never be parted, Charlie. I could not bear any one to take my place in your heart."

I suppose, when she spoke of leaving home, she was thinking of Philip Rayburn, for I had heard several little hints and whispers lately, which made me pretty sure that some things were settled between them; and he came to the house often after that.

When the reception-rooms were all arranged again, my mother disposed the furniture differently, moving chairs and tables and sofas to quite different positions, Emily advising her. One great, richly-carved sofa, with a high antique back, she insisted should be placed transversely across a corner.

"It looks so much easier than to have it stiff and straight by the side of the wall," she said. I chuckled to myself, for I foresaw a rare hiding-place, which might remain unsuspected a long time if I were careful; and the next chance I had, when no one was in the room, I collected a few things in that corner for private delectation. I put the softest hassock there, and a Scotch plaid to lie on—one of my little chloroform bottles, which I kept to smell at when I am nervous, and some of my favorite books. Of course I could not read in there, but just the laying of my hand or my cheek on a volume, makes it seem like a companion, and brings its contents all into my mind. Such a snug little triangle as I made of it, shaded and secluded entirely by the high back of ancient carving, and the only light which could reach me there, must crawl along the carpet, under the damask and fringe. It was very satisfactory, and all my own secret!

Emily began to be invited everywhere; unceremoniously, my mother's society received her with open arms; bouquets and cards of invitation kept our little waitress doing duty all hours, and gentlemen made calls of an evening, inquiring specially for Miss Grey. My mother scolded her for receiving them so coolly; but despite the coldness, Emily infused some nameless charm into her manner, which made them call again and again.

It was during these days that Louise and Philip had a falling out; why, I did not know, but some trouble there evidently was. Louise grew sad and constrained, but made no confidant of any one, unless it was Emily. I would have cut my right hand off at any time to serve Louise, but she never asked me to serve her.

One day I heard her say to Emily: "You must see him when he comes this afternoon. I cannot! And oh, make him understand that I never could have written those dreadful letters; and tell him that I cannot see him till he has faith in me again. It would break my heart to see distrust in his eyes. Oh, Emily! And my bonnie Louise, bowed her head and wept."

It cut me to the heart, and I was so helpless to aid her! For the first time in my life I regretted my peculiar physique, for other brothers were expected to defend their sisters, and did it; but what could I, a poor dwarf, do to bold, athletic, handsome Philip Rayburn? I felt very ignominious, and crept away to my corner and my chloroform, behind the sofa, for consolation, and there fell asleep in my misery.

I awoke suddenly at last, hearing voices. I am always on the alert, and never startled into making a noise, so I lay perfectly still and quiet to hear what was going on. Emily Grey was talking to Philip Rayburn in her characteristic, low, sweet voice, and I could imagine just how her lovely, pale face looked with its great, sad blue eyes, and her yellow curls floating over her shoulders.

"It puzzles me so," she said, hesitatingly; "I cannot bear to believe that Louise wrote them; and yet—what can I believe Mr. Rayburn? Oh, do not say you are sure of her guilt!"

"Miss Grey," said Philip, sternly, "your affection must not mislead you. The letters were sent from this house, and the writing is undeniably that of Louise. She is afraid to meet the one she has so deceived and injured. Do not let your kind heart excuse her too far, Miss Grey!"

Emily's voice trembled as she replied: "Oh, Mr. Rayburn, I cannot bear it! To deceive you—you who are so true and noble! She could not, indeed, she could not!"

Philip spoke in softer tones—"You pity me, Emily? The world is not all false, then."

A moment's silence ensued. Oh, if I could only have peeped out at them unseen, for I certainly believe that Emily bent her graceful head over Philip's hand and wept upon it. I was fierce with indignation, but perfectly collected. Perhaps the dwarf could help his darling after all.

"Presently Philip rose to go.

"I suppose, then, we shall not see you any more?" murmured Emily plaintively. How I hated that false, plaintive murmur!

"Hardly again," he said, gloomily. "And yet, Emily, I shall not wish to lose your friendship. In ten days I will call and inquire for you, and give into your hands the letters which I have received from Louise, and you can return them to her."

Then he went. As the street-door closed after him, Emily threw herself down upon the sofa, and with her face in the pillows, muttered very low: "I love him, and I shall win him now. And yet, and yet, his heart will never be really mine. Oh, cruel fate! Why was Louise ever born to spoil the only love I care for?"

And she writhed there upon the sofa in her malice, till she seemed to me like some creature of olden time possessed by a demon within, in which raved and tore. I lay hidden away in my corner, thinking deeply, with a volume pressed to my cheek.

What was Emily plotting against my sister? I began to believe her capable of any Borgia scheme, and resolved to spy upon her unremotely, and foil her where I could. How low I breathed, lest she, so near me, should catch a sound. Twilight shadows crept into the room at length, and in them she floated away, and I presently emerged from my lurking-place. How I wished I were an

invisible gnomie to chase her, and haunt her, and find out all her deeds! But I had to content myself with smearing phosphorus all over my face, and meeting her with a horrible grin in the midnight upper hall when she came out at the ringing of the tea-bell. It did my very heart good to see the white terror in her face as she crouched back to a corner to escape me. I had appointed myself a Nemesis to punish her, but she did not know that.

I had noticed that when Emily went out alone to walk, without naming her destination, she was always absent three or four hours. And the next day bringing an occasion of this kind, as soon as she was safely down the steps, I went straight to her room, and looked all about it. The white bed, dainty and pure, the drooping curtains, the flowers, the books, were all correct and maidenly enough, but I was a detective for the nonce, and passed them carelessly by. A small desk-table fastened my attention; I attempted to lift the lid, but it was locked. Still, the key, with a blue ribbon attached, rested in the keyhole, and I tried to turn it to unlock the desk, but it would not move—the wards did not fit. The key evidently was not put there to help prying fingers. The next thing to do was to find the right key, and to that end I glanced curiously about. The recent reading of some of Edgar Poe's strange analytical stories sharpened my perceptions to painful keenness. I threw myself down in Emily's easy-chair, and leaned my head back in a position I had often seen her adopt. Then I narrowed my eyes and compressed my lips as she did when thoughtful, thinking that so, perhaps, my mind might momentarily take the turn of hers, and give me some insight into the mode of concealment she would be likely to practise. With my head thus thrown back, my eyes naturally fell upon the cornice above the long lace window curtains, and I distinctly saw, half hid by a projecting gilded grape-leaf, a bit of blue ribbon. Still keeping my features after Emily's fashion, the thought suggested itself to me how natural it would be to put blue ribbon on each of the two keys, that a spectator might never know that more than one was used. Full of excitement, I sprang from the chair, and taking the long gas-lighting rod which stood in the corner, I reached up and dislodged the bit of blue ribbon. As I expected, a key fell with it to the floor. With trembling fingers I tried it in the lock; it turned easily, and I lifted the lid. That way at last I discovered Emily's treachery! There, on sheets of paper, were words and sentences carefully written and re-written dozens of times, in evident imitation of my sister's hand. Cleverly done, too. I looked them over hastily, and found beneath copies of two letters purporting to be from Louise to Philip Rayburn. I read them in a sort of ecstatic glee, for now I held the clue to the whole labyrinth in my hand. But what base letters! In them Louise was made to avow her falseness to Philip—to confess that she never really loved him—that all had been a pretty farce to conceal her passion for another; that remorse had seized her, and a determination to be honest at length; so now these letters begged him to set her free and to keep her secret.

A shallow plot indeed, which a few straightforward words between the two would have set right at once; but Louise was proud and Philip pitiless. Emily hazarded much, and had so far won, depending on the pride and pitilessness. Then the handwriting! It would have deceived my own parents; but I—I, the cunning dwarf—had fathomed the whole, and held the proof in my hand. Then came the question, what to do with them? If I took them away with me, she would discover the loss at once, and take measures accordingly. Was the hour arrived for exposure? I thought not. I determined to leave the papers, trusting to that famous blindness which so often leads criminals to retain the damning proof of their guilt. The justice of romances suggested itself to my mind; you know the true will is always hidden somewhere destroyed, the fatal letter always found, the deed or certificate lost for years, but not for ever; and I felt sure these letters would wait for me. Was I not the servant of Nemesis? So I re-locked the desk, lifted the true key with its bit of blue ribbon to its hiding-place behind the gilt grape-leaf again, and placed the false key with its bit of blue ribbon also in the lock. Then I crept away to think it all over.

In the hall I met my sweet, sad Louise, with that new look of desolation in her face. I kissed my hand to her. She stopped instantly, and winding her dear arms about my neck, said, softly—"You will always love me, won't you, Charlie?"

"Yes, I will, and every one else shall, too!" I answered, stoutly, at which her smile was sadder than tears could have been, and she passed on.

You may be very sure I kept close watch of the yellow-haired Emily during the days which followed. Many a lone reverie of hers had me for spectator, peering through her hole or the crack of a door, or with one eye bent on her from behind a curtain. One afternoon my vigilance had its reward. My mother asked Emily if she would get her some violet silk when she went out, and Emily answered, sweetly: "I thought I should not go out this afternoon. I have a headache; but rather than disappoint you—"

Of course my mother interrupted her with an assurance that she should not think of letting her go. A little after, I asked, just to see what she would say: "Will you buy me a little ivory skull this afternoon, Emily, if I give you the money? There's a man down an alley four streets off, who carves such things."

"I'm not going out, Charlie," she answered shortly.

Under these circumstances I thought it best to be on guard in the drawing-room, so went quietly down, climbed over the back of the antique sofa, and so down into my lurking-place. There, with that horrible, fascinating book, "Frankenstein," under my head, I lay dreaming and waiting. Presently the door-bell rang, and Philip came, inquiring for Emily, only Emily. I heard her quick step on the staircase, and she glided into his arms—could it be that it was his arms? A subtle instinct told me it was so. Philip's voice was changed from the old light tones, and there was no tenderness in it, though he called her "darling."

"Here is this package," he said, "which I wish you to return to Louise with my forgiveness. She will soon see her heartlessness has not destroyed my happiness!" and he laughed bitterly.

"Dear Philip!" murmured Emily's false, sweet voice.

"Emily, you are the only true woman I know, after all. My life shall be devoted to you."

"And you love me, Philip?" she asked, longingly.

"You know my love's not worth much; such as it is now you may have it, Emily," and his tones were reckless. "Let us have it over at once. Can you be ready to-night at eleven?"

"Yes," she answered, breathlessly.

"I will have a carriage here at that hour. When the clock strikes, you must come down to the door, all ready. You will find me there, and I will carry you away at once. A pleasant surprise to Louise, to-morrow morning, to find her lover so easily consoled! She hardly knows how frequently we have met."

"Do not marry me only from pique!" said Emily, with a touch of sadness which was real, I think.

"I simply ask you, Will you marry me, Emily?" was all his answer; and Emily said "Yes," without hesitation.

I did not want to come out and denounce them then and there; I had a better plan. So Philip went at last, no wiser than he came, and Emily fled to her room, full of her plots, whilst I climbed up out of my ambush, and lay down, as any one else might, on the sofa, thinking my own thoughts. I wanted those letters now, quick too—how could I secure them? I could think of no opportunity till tea-time, unless fortune favored. Fortune did favor about half an hour after; for a young lady in silk and velvet came to call on Miss Grey. As the servant hesitated, not having received instructions, I called out from the drawing-room: "Emily is at home; she is up in her room. Tell her."

So the young lady swept in and took a seat. In high glee I went up to Emily's room and rapped on the door.

"Emily, there's Flora McIlmsey down in the drawing-room to see you."

"Tell her I'm not at home, Charlie."

"Oh, but I can't, Emily; I have already told her you were up-stairs, and I would call you."

"Then I suppose I must go down!" she said, in a tone of vexation, and came out, carefully closing and locking her door after her. So much the better! I knew another way to reach her room—by going through my mother's; and my mother had gone herself for her violet silk, so there was no danger of being waylaid. This plan succeeded, and I stepped boldly into the pretty chamber, where a subtle perfume of heliotrope pervaded the air. Emily had laid out all her dresses on the bed, and her trunk was open. I wondered if she would have the effrontery to send for it some time. But my business was with letters, not dresses; so I sought the little desk-table; the true key was in the lock this time, and in a moment I possessed myself of the fatal documents. How fortunate that Flora came just at that time, for it might be that Emily was about unlocking that desk to destroy the papers. My heart beat fast with excitement as I left the room again, by the same way that I entered, and hastened to my own little den, a flight above, bolting my door after me.

Then I sat down and wrote a letter to Philip Rayburn, telling him all I had heard, and all I had done, enclosing the sheets of paper as proofs. I felt very manly at last, so to vindicate my sister's truth; and it made me smile to be able to write that I expected him to apologise fully to Louise, and after that never to darken our doors again. I finished the letter, sealed it, coaxed the butler to deliver it at once into Mr. Rayburn's hands, and had ten minutes to compose myself before Emily politely attended her visitor to the door. Then she flew up to her room again.

My spirits ran so high, I could hardly keep from shouting aloud. I found Louise sitting lonesomely in her chamber, like "Mariana in the moated grange," and I kissed her hand again and again, telling her I would set every right right, while she looked at me half-frightened, and wholly puzzled. Then I imitated an Indian war-whoop at Emily's key-hole, and as it grew darker lay in wait for her behind an open door, and sprang out at her when at last I heard her gliding step. I like to see her shrink and shudder. At ten she was pale and thoughtful—while my father and mother, and Louise, grew kinder than ever, heaping her plate with delicacies, and delighting to pet her. But I took no trouble to pass her anything but strawberry jam, which I knew she hated.

The night was clear—there were stars in the heavens. After tea we all went into the parlor; Emily played, and sang, and chatted, with now and then a restless glance at the clock on the mantel-piece. At ten, she said she would retire, and bade us all "good-night."

That was the signal for a general departing, and before long I was going upstairs noisily, so that Emily might hear me and think all were out of her way at last. But no sooner had I slammed my door than I turned again, and crept down stairs quieter than any mouse, past all the sleeping-rooms, down to the drawing-room, and there I waited in the dark.

I always like to stay in the dark, imagining grotesque creatures in every corner unseen, and there I lay on the sofa very contentedly, hearing the clock tick and my heart beat.

At last I became conscious by some instinct finer than hearing, that Emily was coming down from her room. The clock chimed eleven, and I began to fear my plot would fail, for why was there no word to me from Philip? How softly Emily glided down, like some impalpable presence! She stood hesitating an instant on the lower stair, when the door-bell rang a peal which startled all the sleepers.

I ran out with a shout. Emily would have fled from me, but I caught her hand and dragged her to the door, which I opened. There stood Philip Rayburn, his eyes ablaze with fierce indignation, grasping the fatal letters in his hand. He held them up before Emily; he compelled her to recognise their meaning; then casting them at her feet with a gesture of utter scorn, he strode into the parlor, dragging me with him.

I was proud then, as I collected all my four-foot-high dignity, and called him to account. He did not notice my manner though, he was too full of wrath, and grief, and contrite love. I almost began to pity him at last, but remembered that would never do, so I told him that I accepted his apologies, but he must never insult us by his presence again. That moment Louise came in hurriedly, looking terrified and perplexed.

"Where is Emily, Charlie? Who rang the bell, and why is the door open? Oh, Philip?"

"I will go and find Emily," I said. "I will leave you with Mr. Rayburn. He has a confession to make to you, Louise, and after that you will forbid him the house!"

Emily was not to be found; I hunted for her above and below, but she was gone. The hall-door still stood wide open. She had fled away with her guilty conscience under the keen-eyed stars. So I went back to the parlor without her; Louise and Philip were at the door.

"I will come early to-morrow," he said, smiling brightly, and Louise smiled brightly too.

"What! have you not forbidden him the house?" I exclaimed.

"No, Charlie! That I cannot do!" And with an astonishing lack of spirit she let him fold her in his arms.

I have decided to have nothing more to do with my sister's love-affairs or the family dignity. My little part is played, and now I will hide away behind the curtain with my dreams of fairies and elf.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

"The rich," said a Jew, "eat venison because it is dear. I eat mutton because it is cheap."

—When a California orator addresses an audience of Chinese, he has only to change one letter in the usual stereotyped mode, thus: "My yellow citizens!"

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy, one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked, with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

Going up.—What an unhappy country California must be! Anna, Dickinson said that all the first ladies who visited it, were *Pormosas*. Ned Buntline says that seven-eighths of the population are drunkards, and now George Francis Train says its resources are exhausted!

—It is said of a very handsome woman whose feet are immense: "She's very pretty, but she upsets completely the ordinary system of measurement by proving that two feet make a yard."

—A tall fellow, standing in the parquette of a theatre, was repeatedly desired to sit down, but in vain, when a voice from the upper gallery called out, "Let him alone! He's a tailor, and is resting himself."

—It's dangerous business spaking the Maplewood Institute girls, at Pittsfield, this fall. Rev. C. V. Spear, the Principal, advertises that his grounds are "protected by powder and ball," and expects the cousins and friends of his fair pupils to take due warning.

Heralded into the World.—The Germans announce betrothals in the papers as regularly as we do marriages and deaths. They herald births with much flourish. For instance: I have the honor politely to announce

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1869.

Written for The Universe.

"NO MORE METAPHYSICS!"

BY DYER D. LUM.

The human mind—the nature of thought—the source of consciousness—have ever been prolific themes for speculation, from the earliest ages of the historic period. The nature, origin and destiny of the soul, have given material for all religious speculations and philosophical systems. The ancient sages of India, the dreamy enthusiasts of China, the worshippers of Osiris, Mithras and Zeus, all found this subject an inexhaustible fund, from which they could derive their various theories of the purpose of life. And the subject is still an absorbing one. Plato and Hegel, Locke and Comte, and Hamilton, have not spoken in vain; for their works will ever be of value. Not that they have discovered the nature of mind, or laid open its secret springs, but because we see in their works the genuine utterances of the inner man, the sincere and direct revelations of the power and genius of the human intellect.

Materialists are unanimous in asserting that the time has come for discarding metaphysical speculation as a means of resolving the problem of mind. And is it not so? The Puranas, the Shasters, the reveries of Plato, and the innumerable metaphysical productions from Descartes to Hamilton, have failed to bring out any practical result. Have any or all of their researches "into the depths of their consciousness" strengthened the faith of men in God and Immortality?

I remember, some years since, meeting with a little work published in England by the Secularists, in which the existence of God was shown to be without evidence; by carefully arranged extracts from Paley, Kant, Chalmers, and others. One showed the weakness of the *a priori* argument; another demolished the *a posteriori* evidence; from another came a fierce onslaught on the ontological method, and so of all other "demonstrations." Like the famed cats of Kilkenny, each destroyed the other.

Metaphysicians have failed because their investigations have proceeded from an erroneous stand-point. Conceiving mind, as all in all, they gradually learned to despise material phenomena. Matter and mind became two opposing, contradictory elements. The Gnostics saw the origin of evil in the creation of matter. They have sought to discover its hidden springs, by introspection, by reflection. Whatever pure thought is capable of affording, we have long since had. The subjective method is at war with all scientific processes; and such has been the confession of the age; we have felt the need of a fresh impulse, a new direction, and a broader basis, and lo! the day of their coming is dawning on the world!

The scientific attainment of the age is the direct result of a change of method in inquiry. Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, Physiology, and Biology are the results of pursuing the inductive method; of collecting facts first and generalizing afterward; of rising from the well-known to the less-known; using facts, not as mere illustrations of a theory, but as the basis, the ground-work of the structure. The scientist never attempts to dive within and bring out the secrets of being, by the simple and naked power of reflection; but asserts that a knowledge of nature can only come through the study of nature.

Is it asserted that a knowledge of mind is not included in a knowledge of nature? If so, it is an unproven assertion, and the cause of the barrenness of metaphysical speculations. The metaphysician, with his deductions from pure reason, and the Theologian, with his "Thus saith the Lord"—anything but proven facts, have been tried and declared incompetent by the spirit of the age; and upon scientists has the task descended. But modern science, we are warned, is materialistic! Names or epithets have lost their power, happily, in deterring the mind from its investigations. We are first to ask—now where or to what, does a practical lead, but, is it true? Is it based on facts?

J. S. Mill, in his system of Logic, says "It must by no means be forgotten that the laws of mind may be derivative laws resulting from the laws of animal life; and their truth, therefore, may ultimately depend on physical conditions." Scientists, pursuing this subject, affirm that mind "instead of being, as assumed, a wondrous entity, the independent source of power and self-sufficient cause of causes, is proven, incontestably, by honest observation, to be the most dependent of all the natural forces. It is the highest development of force, and to its existence are all the lower natural forces indispensably pre-requisite."—[Maudsley].

"The incessant vital changes which correlate thought, do not differ in their nature from those which correlate growth, nutrition, and development. * * * Life and mind are correlative in consciousness, and dependent, therefore, upon correlative forces. Knowing and have the same cause."—[Laycock].

"When the aim of Psychology is distinctly presented," says an able writer, "to arrive at a clear and comprehensive knowledge of mental operations, its superior importance, and the necessity for its advancement will be acknowledged by all. Its relations to the other sciences and to the arts and activities of life is regal and controlling; they all depend upon it for first principles. The moralist looks here to gain light on the nature and authority of conscience, the legislator, to find some guide for estimating the degree of criminality, in doubtful cases—the educatorist for data on which to base an intelligible scheme of mental culture, the physician for guidance in the proper treatment of insanity, and the theologian for aid in tracing the essential characteristics of man's religious nature. * * *

"Instead of definitely progressing and gaining greater clearness at each advancing step, as in the other sciences, metaphysicians are still chasing each other round the circles of verbal disputations, evincing perhaps greater skill and acuteness, but evincing no more actual or valuable results than were yielded by the polemical strifes of the middle ages."

Among the first who approached the phenomena of mind with other means of observation than those afforded by introspection, may be ranked the celebrated Cabanis, who maintained that, as all sensibility resides in the nerves, so all the moral affections and the intellectual faculties are the products of the nervous system. Still later the name of Sir Charles Bell is intimately associated with the honored pioneers in these great researches, as having first determined the double function of the nerves, sensory and motor. As has been ably remarked,—"The spell of ages was thus broken; the intelligent agent was no longer an isolated and incomprehensible

mystery—a foreign agency thrust into the scheme of universal order with which it was forever at war—fitted to provoke wonder, but inscrutable to scientific research. The first and most difficult step had been taken, which proved that the thinking principle is subject to conditions, controlled by laws, and amenable to analytic scrutiny like other natural phenomena."

In still later years we have had the works of Marshall, Hall, Carpenter, Laycock, Bain, Maudsley, Spencer, and others; and though the subject yet presents an infinite field for research, yet the study of mind to-day rests upon an immovable scientific foundation. Prof. Faraday said, "If a principle be accepted as true, we have a right to pursue it to its consequences, no matter what they may be. It is indeed a duty to do so. A theory may be perfect as far as it goes, but a consideration going beyond it, is not for that reason to be shut out; we might as well accept our limited horizon as the limits of the world."

What then are the "consequences?" Are they Materialism,—Atheism? We do not so see it. The result of all scientific research is toward Unity. Man, world, sun, and star are found indissolubly linked together and formed from the same materials. But Science is taking a step onward: All matter is declared to be but points of force. "Every form is force visible," says Huxley. Matter is more illusory than a passing dream, ever shifting and changing. Scientific research is corroborating the Unity of Nature asserted by Swedenborg a century since. Oersted, in his "Soul in Nature," held that the permanence of Nature is not found in its individual parts, which are all undergoing perpetual changes, but that the invariable, that which endures, is found only in the abstract nature of things. "Nothing is invariable in Nature but laws," which may be called the thoughts of Nature.

This something, underlying all phenomenal existence, is *persistent*. Matter is incapable of acting of itself, it must be acted upon; and this vigorous quality which underlies and fashions all forms, is the same to-day as yesterday. The matter passes indifferently from mold to mold, retaining no individuality. Spirit alone can act, matter is only the resultant of the act. Grindon ably remarks: "That invisible potent something, cannot be a mere Energy, neither a Cause; that is to say, an active, productive force cannot be efficient unless it operates from and through a substance. If there be a spiritual world at all, it must be like the natural world, substantial. Substance must not be confounded with matter. Substance is a generic term; matter is one of the species which it includes."

Science is continually approaching to the clearer demonstration of this great fact: The Unity of Nature in its most comprehensive aspects.

Tilton says: "So, since the universe began, And till it shall be ended, The soul of Nature, soul of man, And soul of God are blended!"

And such will soon be the affirmation of all our scientific magnates; so inevitably does research lead to this fact; and when Metaphysics has indeed become obsolete, Science will unite with Intuition in the thought so beautifully expressed by Mrs. Corbin in one of her poems:

"The silver-threaded chords of being run
Down from God's throne,
Through the whole universe, from sun to sun,
From zone to zone;
And the same life in human bosom thrills,
Which guides the spheres, and clothes their verdant hills."
Montpelier, Vt.

ALICE CARY AND PHOEBE CARY.

Alice and Phoebe Cary have begun the Sunday evening receptions that every winter render so attractive their little house in one of our pleasantest streets. It is a small nest of a place, just large enough for the two gracious maidens who have chosen to abjure the constant companionship of the superior sex. It possesses one feature rather unusual in New York houses—it has a hall running through the centre, on one side of which is the drawing room, and on the other the library. Both rooms are as cosy as they can be, wearing an air of gentle refinement and unobtrusive culture. Everything is so tastefully disposed that, upon entering, it is only the *tout ensemble* that is perceived. No glaring picture rushes at you from the wall. No flowery sofa confuses the vision with an absurd mixture of color. Soft-toned draperies and skillfully grouped artistic trifles at once melt the visitor with a delightful sympathetic rapport. A peculiarly striking object is an exquisite mosaic table, imported from Germany, and presented to the sisters by an appreciative friend.

Their more favored visitors are invited to come to tea, at which banquet Miss Phoebe's sparkling humor almost makes her friends forget the more material feast before them. Mr. Greeley's amiable countenance often beams above their table at these Sunday evening teas. For many years he has been a devoted friend to the sisters. During the evening the *littérati* of the city assemble, dropping in one by one in an informal way that is very charming. At the last reception Oliver Johnson's gray locks and strong face were visible in a corner, their owner discoursing amiably to a knot of attentive listeners. Under the gaslight sat Miss Phoebe, plump, laughing-eyed, piquant. She wears all sorts of bonnets and sashes and bracelets and beads, perfectly in accordance with her cheery style. There's nothing of the proverbial old maid about her—not a bit of it. Conversing with her is Lord Adare, son of the Earl of Dunraven, who is just now traveling here with his wife. He has a slight figure, an intellectual face, and a long tawny moustache. Lady Adare is Scotch, and consequently bright-eyed and bonny. She looks rather amused as Miss Phoebe energetically remarks that she wishes some other than Booth might become the high priest of the drama in America. At one side, Susan B. Anthony, in the inevitable scarlet crepe shawl and spectacles, relates her recent experience in Cincinnati to a sympathetic hearer. Susan's nose takes an upward turn, and her eyes snap as she goes into detail. About the room roams the philosopher of the *Tribune*, radiating smiles and common sense until he grows tired and takes his leave in his own characteristic manner—that is, he wanders vaguely away without saying good-bye to anybody.

The conversation, the sisters being devoted Spiritualists of the higher type. While Miss Cary's accomplished niece were here, music was one of the attractions of these gatherings, but they have long since borne all its remembrance to happy homes of their own. Throughout this nest breathes the most exquisite culture, the sweetest purity; and a beautiful picture is the lives of the two singing-birds within.—*New York correspondent Cincinnatti Gazette.*

A CLERGYMAN INDIOTED FOR WIFE MURDER.

The Grand Jury of Kane county, on Friday last, found an indictment for murder against the Rev. Isaac B. Smith, of Turner Junction, a little town thirty miles west of Bloomington, on the Galena Division of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, for the drowning of his wife last June.

The facts in this most extraordinary case, as near as they can be learned from the conflicting accounts of his friends, and those believing him guilty, are as follows:

Some time in the early part of June last, Mr. Smith, with his wife, drove in his buggy to Elgin to attend a minister's meeting at the house of a brother clergyman. Having spent the afternoon and part of the evening, he started for the house of a brother-in-law, a Mr. Benton, residing upon the Hammond farm, about two miles from Elgin.

About half-past nine in the evening, Mr. Smith came to Mr. Benton's house in considerable excitement, asking if his wife was there, and saying that his buggy had been overturned in crossing a small stream about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Benton's, and he and his wife thrown out, and as he had not been able to find his wife, after getting out, he thought she might have gone on to the house and left him. He accounted for the overturning of his buggy by saying that his horse was a very headstrong animal, and when he saw water would go into it, no matter how hard you might try to turn him.

The horse having stopped in the stream to drink, he stepped over upon one of the thills to uncheck him, that he might drink, when his wife called to him to hurry, that she felt faint, when the horse started, and, turning sharply, threw them both out, dragged him under water and across the stream twice, the wheel passing over him, and the horse stamping him under foot. When he got up he looked around for his wife, and seeing the buggy-robe floating in the stream, supposed it to be his wife and caught it—took care to save it—and then went on to Mr. Benton's to look for help. To one person he said he didn't know why he left a stable where there was plenty of water, and was going to another where there was a pump inside. "But the water looked so good he drove in."

To still another, he said that he drove across the bridge, but that the horse, in spite of his efforts to drive on, turned after crossing and went into the stream to drink. These discrepancies, together with the fact that the horse was found standing still in the water, with the buggy resting on the side on two wheels, just where the accident or murder took place, the body of the woman only ten or twelve feet from the buggy, led to investigation. There was an insurance to the amount of \$3,000 on her life, which fact Mr. Smith concealed from his friends until they learned it otherwise. He also denied that there was any more insurance on her life, whereas closer investigation showed a further accident insurance of \$6,000, which, when discovered, he said he concealed by advice of his father, lest it should make talk.

After considerable time, the whisperings assumed such a form that the matter was thoroughly canvassed, and the reverend gentleman began to be suspected of having some agency in bringing about the accident.

Mr. Smith is a native of Princeton, Ill., where his aged parents now reside and with whom his two children by his first wife live, he having taken them there last week, and whence he returned on last Saturday, in learning that the grand jury had indicted him. He remained in Aurora over Sunday and came to Geneva yesterday morning, and gave himself up to the Sheriff. He now occupies apartments in the Sheriff's residence in the Court House, goes about as he chooses, being at liberty in all save the name.

The late Mrs. Smith was about 26 years old, the daughter of a farmer who lives near Algonquin, Ill., where Mr. Smith preached a year ago; was a very fair-looking woman, of an amiable, retiring disposition, much beloved by her fellow Christians and the people generally.

Mr. Smith has been in the ministry about ten years, five of which were in New England, where the first Mrs. Smith died, and is said to be an eloquent and earnest preacher. He came to Turner last November and gave general satisfaction, although he appears to have enlisted some enmity even among the members of his church.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE" BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

The Elmira, New York, *Saturday Evening Review* discourses of a case of seduction and murder, just discovered in this city, in the following terms:

The Coroner's Jury have sat and rendered their verdict; a portion of the evidence, at least, has been seen in the daily prints; only one person bears the burden of the verdict—and he is out of harm's way—and the body of Hattie Minier, a human victim to some lecherous villain, moulders in its grave. The name of that villain the Coroner's Jury failed to indicate, but who doubts or is willing to aver that he is not more guilty, if not more accessory in the crime, than the Doctor himself, who alone is branded by the Coroner's Inquest. Dr. G. H. Parkhurst may be absent for two reasons—to shield himself from the consequences of his crime, or to guard the author from detection, or if he himself is not actually guilty, and some really believe, then his absence must be for the latter reason alone. We confess, there are circumstances to lead to the supposition that he was a cat's-paw in the hands of some willful designer, who did the real foul deed, while the victim was temporarily absent from the city, he being called in on his return, to afford relief from the consequences of the operation. Nothing in the testimony published crimines him as the actual operator, unless his services were rendered previously, away from the victim's residence; but testimony does not show this. Still the worst look is his deliberate and prolonged absence.

As to the guilty seducer, the verdict of the Coroner's Jury failed to point him out. The Jury placed no confidence in the credibility of the witnesses. And there the matter rests. We presume the prosecuting officers will interest themselves no further. A confiding young woman has been deliberately seduced by a lecherous villain, has been tampered with to her death, and only the attending physician condemned, while the guilty author of her ruin and probable accessory to her murder, walks our streets to-day, free and unconvicted and ready with his brazen impunity to repeat his same wiles on other victims. Such, we fear, is to be the record of justice in this most lamentable case—only one, perhaps, among a score of other similar ones in our midst, excepting that they may not be brought to light, unexpectedly, by an unprovided for death and disclosure. The rest may be fortunate enough to run the gauntlet. We confess we

have no desire to preach any sermons or utter any homilies. No wonder that the knife and pistol are evoked, before justice, to do the vengeance of the dead and ruined, on their guilty seducers.

AN ESSAY ON GATES.

BY MILTON GOODNOW.

"Gates be the man who first invented"—gates!—Front gates, I mean, the expression is not mine; Old Sancho used it once upon a time; And, what the shrewd and honest fellow wrote, I, with a poet's license, sure can quote, And claim indulgence of the kindly fates.

Now, who invented gates, is quite a mystery;—I mean we ask the doctors, old and wise; They slowly shake their heads and wink their eyes, Answer our question with a solemn groan, Advising us to let such things alone. In vain we search the volumed leaves of history, When lo! it must have been some Yankee chap (Disesteased, though blessed with richest store) Who cried "It's worse than going to the wars, To chamber fence, and to crawl through bars! Manhood, its certain, wants one comfort more; That want will supply; the need is great!" He seized his jack-knife, and behold,—a gate!

How useful is the gate! In youthful years, When time had laid upon our brow no care, How oft we sought the swinging old front gate That scarcely bent beneath our childish weight, And then forgot our little griefs and fears! Ah! blessed, golden years, When we were happier on the creaking gate, Than the proud monarch in his car of State!

And through that gate, one glorious Summer day, Our brother walked in all a soldier's pride,— We, weeping, clustered round his manly side; Then he was gone, and we could only pray. There was a battle down in Tennessee, And gloriously the banner of the free Was carried by brave men with dauntless breast, Till, where the fight was like a raging hell, In the front rank of all, our Charlie fell.

And we—well, well, you know the rest, And through that same front gate his form they bore, Our own dear Charlie had come back once more.

How much that poor front gate does undergo! 'Tis swung constantly, from left to right, Banged, kicked, and cuffed, from morn till candle-light. Nor respite from its daily task can know. What but a poor dumb gate could stand it all? What be so prompt to answer every call? Poor faithful sentinel! so true and tried, With luxury of rest sometimes denied! 'Tis vain to sadly groan in deep despair, Or sound your shrieks on the startled air!

But the chief time when front gates are applied To use (the front ones;—this can't be denied), Is at the wretched hour of evening, When the bold lover and his lady fair To meet, and talk about the weather—there.

That subject through, another course he claims, Namely, to praise and call her pretty names. This is it, ere the proxy lamps are lighted, (Provided there are lamps along the street, If not, why never mind it sweet!)

There vows are pledged, and mutual love is pledged; And secrets told, not meant for common ears. And we know how much the old gate hears! Old folks may laugh, and younger ones deride it; What's that to me? Of course, I've never tried it! Of course, when lamps went out, and hours grew late,

I've never leaned across the old front gate! Dear old front gate! who has not known thee well? Strong man and maiden, old and young, Would that some power could now unseal thy tongue! When tales of joy or sadness comes't thou tell? How many answers soft have vanished here! Across the time-worn bars, dear old front gate! Peace, fare thee well!

There is a gate that we must all pass through, When life is over, and our time has fled, And we lie sleeping with the silent dead; When will it open, friend, for me and you? And there's another gate, all pearls and gold, And that they enter, lay all burdens down; They see a city glorious to behold, Where every victor wears a starry crown; And by the King's own hand that crown is given, At that last gate of all—the gate of Heaven!—*Western Rural.*

SCOTTISH BARBARIANS.

Tinkers have never in any community been considered as holding any very exalted position on the social ladder; but the tinkers of Scotland, according to the evidence given before a special committee, lately, have sunk to a condition scarcely worthy to be called human.

About twenty years back these people numbered about twelve or fifteen hundred, and lived a nomadic life, generally bivouacking on some moor or border of a morass. They have, however, increased considerably, and now hordes of them are permanently located in each county. Two colonies of these Scotch Arabs have settled at Wick Bay, Gairness, in rocky caves close to the sea shore—so close, indeed, that one of the women was washed away by the sea and drowned. Here they herd like cattle, young and old, with no privacy or any regard for the commonest decencies of life. A fire is lighted in the centre of the cave, for the whole; they have rocks for chairs and the hard ground for beds. The children have no clothing, going about perfectly nude, and when they appear in the town, their only covering is a piece of sailcloth or sack; and, more than usual, visitors have seen perfectly naked adults lying drunk around the caves. Children are born in these dens, girls fourteen years old being frequently mothers. The males, who can scarcely be called men—occasionally work at tinning, but the chief source of existence for the tribes is begging or stealing; the children being taught to pilfer from their earliest infancy. Attempts have been made by benevolent individuals to wean them from such shocking lives; but all endeavors have hitherto failed, food and house room, offered free, failing to change their habits. Every penny they earn goes for drink, and their lives are passed in the most degrading and disgusting debauchery.—*New Commercial Advertiser.*

SISTER THERESA ON MAN'S PERFDY.

Miss O'Gorman, formerly Sister Theresa, delivered a lecture at Cooper's Hall, Jersey City, Oct. 4th, on "Man's Perfdy to Woman." After depicting the manner in which man encompassed woman's downfall and then threw her on the cold charity of the world, she recommended the advocates of woman's rights to devote their energies toward assisting their erring sisters. Toward the close of the lecture, Miss O'Gorman referred to her convent life, reflecting severely upon the priests. This exasperated a number of persons among the audience, several of the female portion of which threatened to lynch the speaker; one in particular, threatening to "dash her face with her umbrella," had to be removed from the room. Miss O'Gorman promised to make her experience of convent life the subject of a future lecture, she proceeds to be devoted to the reclaiming of fallen women.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Pierre Mombie, the St. Denis murderer, was guillotined on the morning of the 5th, in Place de la Roquette, Paris. He savagely killed his mistress, who had long lived with him as his wife, from a feeling of jealousy, which, according to the oath of the police agent, who was the object of his suspicion, was unfounded. Mombie was a man of low organization, and had he killed the woman only might have had the benefit of extenuating circumstances. But he also hacked to pieces with a hatchet in the dead of night her son, a lad of 11 years old, who was sleeping by her side. M. Alex. Laya, his advocate, in vain attempted to persuade the jury that the boy was killed accidentally. M. Laya subsequently had an interview with the Emperor at St. Cloud, to solicit a commutation for his client, on the ground that he was a coarse, brutal man, scarcely responsible for his actions. The Emperor kept M. Laya with him three-quarters of an hour, listened most attentively to all he had to say, showed a thorough knowledge of all the points of the case, and concluded the audience, according to established usage, by saying he would talk the matter over with the Minister of Justice. The conclusion came to was that the law must take its course. At the execution an unusual and horrible spectacle occurred. By some inaccuracy in the mode of strapping the criminal to the plank, his neck did not come into the groove exactly under the knife, and one of the executioner's assistants had to pull the head violently into the right place, and hold it there till it was cut off, when it fell into his hands. The name of the present executioner—*Monsieur de Paris* as he is ironically called by old usage—is M. Heidenreich, and it is stated in the papers for the first time that he was once surgeon in the navy. About 20,000 people were present to see Mombie die. The cabmen of Paris are always the first to know of the hour fixed for an execution, and they canvass the *jeunesse doree* and their fair companions, as they turn out during the small hours of the morning, from Boulevard supper rooms, to take a ride for a louis and see the sight. A great deal of custom is got in this way.

ONE-HALF GUILTY.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba City, for entering a miner's tent, and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night specified he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off. Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I rushed after him at once," continued the witness; "but when I caught him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterward where he had thrown it."

"How far did he get in when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel.

"Well, he was stooping over about half in, I should say," replied the witness.

"May it please your honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening through which he protruded himself about half-way, and stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in, and the other half out?"

"I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved," replied the judge.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the innocent half cut off or take it along with him.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy is, says Dr. Forbes Winslow, to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes, on which the ideas depend, are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind; for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Dear Lord, have mercy on my soul, and please let me have the French satin that I saw at Stavar's this morning; for with black lace-flounces and overskirt, that dress would be very becoming to me, I know. If you grant my request, please let me have a new black lace shawl also, dear Lord.

I kneel before Thee to-night, feeling perfectly happy, for Madame Emile has sent me home such a lovely bonnet! I most heavenly little *bijou*, composed of white satin, with corset-like tufts. For this favor I am feeling very grateful.

Give me, I pray Thee, an humble heart and a new green silk, with point lace trimmings. Let me not grow too fond of this vain and deceitful world, like other women, but make me exceedingly gentle, and aristocratic! When the winter fashions come, let them suit my style of beauty, and let there be plenty of

puflings, plaitings, ruffles and flounces, for I dearly love them all.

Oh, Lord, let business detain my husband at home!—I wish to become acquainted with the tall, dark-eyed foreigner, who is staying at Colonel Longswallow's, opposite. Bring about an introduction, I beseech Thee, for Mrs. Longswallow will not. Bless my children, and please send them a good nurse, for I have neither the time nor inclination to look after them myself. And now, Oh, Lord, take care of me while I sleep, and, pray, keep watch over my diamonds. Amen!

RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

—A sufferer complains that squeaking boots "murder sleep" in church.

—The first Italian Bible since the Reformation has been published in Florence.

—A Rev. Miss Le Clerc was ordained a Universalist minister, at Madison, Ind., recently.

—A Georgia preacher has ascertained that forbidden fruit that Eve partook of was—to-bacco.

—The Greeks worshiped on Monday; the Persians, Tuesday; the Assyrians, Wednesday; the Turks, Thursday.

—The *Church Union* paper has changed its name to *Christi Unio*; and Henry Ward Beecher has become its editor.

—At a recent Methodist camp meeting in Connecticut, a minister prayed, "O Lord, humble us, break us all down, smash us all to pieces!"

—France takes kindly to Father Hyacinthe, and he received more than one thousand congratulatory letters day before he left for America.

—A baptism ceremony at Melbourne, Canada, was interrupted, Sunday, by a big brother of the young woman about to be immersed, who thrashed the clergyman.

—The Catholic papers in Germany and France assert most vehemently that all the reports circulated, recently, about abuses prevailing in the German nunneries, are utterly without foundation.

—A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

—Czar Alexander lately received a deputation of two hundred Tartars who came to thank him for the protection he gives to the Mussulman population of the Empire. The Czar promised that he would always treat them well.

—A London correspondent says that Spurgeon never stops to study out any very difficult questions himself, but he has a few men of education in his church to whom he commits such matters, and he uses the results of their labors.

—O. S. Johnston, in the language of the Patriarch, has a "gang of hands at work revivifying the Presbyterian Church." Just the process needed by many of our churches. Mr. Johnston and his gang ought to be in good demand.

—Once upon a time Douglas Jerrold was visited for a subscription to the society for the conversion of the Jews, "Sir," said he, "I cannot contribute to your funds, but if you will send a Jew to me I will do my best to convert him."

—Pius IX has ordered the manufacture of five hundred casnets, which will be presented to the bishops of Council. These casnets are meant to hold such relics as the bishops may be wont to exhibit in their cathedrals, or to place under the altars consecrated thereby.

—It is said that a party of Greeks have resolved to purchase the plain in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, where Rachel's grave is situated, for the purpose of erecting a church. This will necessitate the destruction of the home erected in that locality by Sir Moses Montefiore.

—"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he finds asleep." "I think," replied the other, "that it would be better for the sexton, whenever a person goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

—Said a Baptist to a Methodist: "I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough. There's too much machinery about it." "It is true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you; but you see, it doesn't take near so much water to run it."

—In the Catholic Church there is just now a movement toward reform in liturgical music. A great number of the holy unity with the clergy in desiring that the music of the church, the Gregorian chant, may become once more what it was in primitive ages, the chant of the people.

—Mr. Spurgeon in a recent sermon referred to the velocipedes, saying that "these new inventions which had been riding down our streets would not keep up unless they were kept going; the moment they stopped they fell, and in this they were exceedingly like the Christian church, which would fall unless it was constantly moving on."

—The *Journal Messenger* says a remarkable testimony has lately been given to the value of the Jewish mode of slaughtering and examining cattle. Quite a number of Christian butchers have resolved to purchase their meat from the Jewish carcass-batchers, their customers preferring the meat slaughtered in accordance with the Jewish law.

A clergyman was preparing his discourse for Sunday, and stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to consider which he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five years, and said: "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child?" "Then, what makes you scratch it out?"

—Under the reign of Isabella a Protestant clergyman had many thousand Bibles printed at Madrid, but was obliged to send them out of the country. They would have been destroyed but for the intervention of the English Minister. They have recently been sent back to Spain, and the Custom House at Barcelona has been instructed to let them pass.

—Sojourner Truth, while in attendance at the last Friday night meeting of

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JOSEPHINE M."—If you observe the following directions carefully, you can paint very beautiful little flower and fruit pictures, on velvet, which will do to frame, or will make charming toilet-cushions etc. You can also adorn the double skirt of a white party dress, with a running line painted after these rules.

Purchase any pretty, colored picture of flowers, or fruits, or draw one from life; then carefully number each petal, leaf or half-leaf, stem, or distinct division in the picture, one, two, three, or four, taking care that no two divisions of the same number shall touch. For instance, if you have a bunch of grapes to paint, each, whether whole, or but partially shown must have its number; if a rose, each petal; or if a petal rolls over and overlaps itself it will require two numbers. This done, take four sheets of well-oiled paper, and, having fastened your picture to a board, pin one of the sheets on at the corners, and carefully draw all the outlines of the divisions marked 1. Upon another sheet must be drawn all those marked 2, and so on.

This done, fasten each sheet of oiled paper to a piece of paste-board, and with a sharp knife cut out all the divisions.

Then, having your velvet well stretched and fastened upon a board, pin on your first piece of paste-board (all the four sheets must have corresponding pin-holes at the corners to insure exactness), and with a paint-brush, dipped in oil-paints, lightly pass over each cut division, painting it of the color shown in the picture.

When through with *theorem* No. 1, use No. 2 in the same way. When all four theorems have been used your picture is done, and if you have handled the brush carefully, will be of exquisite softness and finish. Get white cotton-buck velvet, or if that cannot be procured, white satin will answer. A little practice will make the work both very easy and very delightful; and the same theorems will answer for an unlimited number of pictures.

"COSMOS."—I. Were you historically correct in saying that Lamartine never was President of the French Republic? II. One of the subjects said to be broached, and to be passed upon in the forthcoming Ecumenical Council at Rome, is the dogma of the "Assumption" of the Virgin Mary. What is the meaning of it? III. Since the promulgation by the present Pope of the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception," are Catholic priests allowed by law or custom to "christen a child by the name of Mary? IV. What is the size of the guns that guard the Dardanelles, where were they made, and what kind and size of balls do they carry? I. Yes. When the revolution took place in February, 1848, he became a member of the Provisional government and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and exercised a great influence over the first movements of the republic. He was chosen one of the five members of the Executive Commission and became its active head until Cavaignac superseded him. II. The idea originated, in the seventh century, that the soul and body of the Virgin Mary had been carried up to Heaven by our Saviour and the angels. This transfer to Heaven is called the Assumption, and is the basis of a festival kept by the Roman Catholic Church. III. Yes, they are. IV. We cannot tell.

"ANXIETY."—Have you any good recipe for making a cement that will unite polished steel? We met with a Turkish recipe of the kind you mention, in a Berlin journal not long ago, and we translate it for your benefit. It is said to be a cement intended for fastening diamonds and other precious stones to metallic surfaces, and is said to be capable of strongly uniting surfaces of polished steel, even when exposed to moisture, and is as follows: Dissolve five or six bits of gum mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much spirits of wine as will suffice to render it liquid. In another vessel dissolve in brandy as much isinglass, previously softened in water, as will make a two-ounce phial of strong glue, adding two small bits of gum ammonia, which must be rubbed until dissolved. Then mix the whole with heat. Keep in a phial closely stoppered. When it is to be used, set the phial in boiling water.

"LEGAL."—I am twenty-six years of age, employed as clerk in a government office, and wish to take up the lawyer's profession. What books had I better commence to study, and what is the best course for me to pursue in order to accomplish my object? Is it necessary to understand the dead languages at all, in order to become a thorough lawyer? Commence by reading Blackstone's Commentaries, and then make an arrangement to become a student of law in the office of some capable and successful attorney. A smattering of Greek and Latin is useful, but not indispensable in the study of law. Law Latin is not remarkable for its purity, and translations are to be readily had of all the law maxims and phrases.

"E. PALMER."—We regret that we have not been able to collect the details of the work done by the Philadelphia Convention for the amendment to the constitution; nor can we tell you the names of its members. It is to be hoped that few were present, and but little was done. We are not enjoying the fruits of such terrible struggles for liberty of conscience as our people have gone through with, to yield them at the behest of any convention, though backed by the efforts of every Theologian in America.

"JAMES PELT."—Boston. I. Where does the expression "She is the Mrs. Candour of the community," originate? II. Is the expression "toadater" similar in meaning to the terms "toady"? I. It originates from the play of "The School for Scandal." You will find the character in Sheridan's play of that name. II. Yes, a "toady" and a "toadater" are synonymous terms and both signify a fawning, obsequious parasite, a sycophant.

"DELEHAR."—The amour of Hero and Leander is famous. Their fidelity was so great and their love so ardent that Leander used to clude the vigilance of his family and swim the Hellespont from Abydos to Sestos, while Hero, who was priestess of Venus, held a burning torch to guide his course. After he was drowned, Hero threw herself from her tower into the sea, 637, B. C.

"ANNIE."—Now is the time to plant your bulbs for Spring blossoming. Set tulips in masses, but use the crocus, hyacinth, anemone, dog tooth-violet and the small flowering bulbs generally, for edgings. They can be taken up when withered, in May or June, and their places supplied with annuals.

M. J. T.—Jennie Lind first appeared in America at Castle Garden, New York, Sep. 11, 1850. She has not visited this country since her return to Europe in 1852.

"ALLEN RAYMOND."—You will find an account of almost every religious sect known, in a volume, easily attainable, entitled, "Book of all Religions."

"MAX H."—We can furnish a few sets of THE UNIVERSE, complete from July 1, its commencement, at regular subscription price.

No post-out continent contracts our powers
The whole unbounded Universe is ours.

THE UNIVERSE.

Office, 113 Madison Street.

J. M. PEEBLES, Editor-in-Chief.
H. N. F. LEWIS, Managing-Editor and Publisher.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

INCREASE OF SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

The subscription price of THE UNIVERSE is to be increased to \$3.00 per year. Up to Dec. 1st, however, we will continue to enter names at the present price, \$2.50 per year.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

To any subscriber sending a new subscription, with the money for one year, we will send a copy of "Exeter Hall," price 75 cents.

To any one renewing subscription for one year and sending one new name for one year, or to any one sending two new subscriptions for one year—received at one time, (with the money), we will send a copy of "The Woman Who Dared," price \$1.50; or Mrs. Adams' "Dawn," price \$2.00.

For one renewal and two new subscriptions, or for three new subscriptions, for a year, at one time (with the money), we will send a copy of Mr. PEEBLES' "Seers of the Ages," price \$2.25.

Mr. Owen's new Novel, "Beyond the Breakers," will be added to our special offers as soon as issued.

The books will be sent postage paid. The premiums in our List are continued, except that, after Dec. 1st, the subscribers required for each article must be paid for at \$3.00 per year each. We will give a cash commission to those who prefer a commission.

HEADQUARTERS AT NEW YORK.—BUSINESS OFFICE AT CHICAGO.

A VACATION TO JANUARY 1st.

Since the announcement in our last issue that the Headquarters of THE UNIVERSE are to be at New York City from and after January 1st next, we have determined that the interests of our journal, of our readers, and of all concerned, will be promoted by a Vacation, or suspension of publication, for the period of two months, the time intervening between this and that date. No subscriber will lose pecuniarily by this, as each will be credited forward on our books for the time passed over. We have been overworked. All the readers of THE UNIVERSE may not know that we have another Weekly, the WESTERN RURAL, which has demanded our immediate attention for the larger part of our time, and, particularly at this season of the year, its interests cannot be neglected. We may say that, in five years' publication of that journal, projected and managed by us individually, we have built up a circulation for it double that of any other Agricultural journal west of New York, and larger by several thousand than any other Weekly, of any class, in the West, with but a single exception.

The interval will really afford us but little respite, as the preparations for and the opening of our New York Publishing office, will involve much time and labor—indeed it will take several weeks to transfer the material; but we shall be able meantime to gather strength, and to resume editorial work on THE UNIVERSE with new vigor. All interested in this journal will therefore be benefited. We shall not promise, but we expect that THE UNIVERSE will be made still more acceptable to its readers.

As announced elsewhere, the subscription price is to be increased to \$3.00 per year, though credit will be given at the old price for all remittances up to Dec. 1st. Correspondents may continue to address us here, or, after Dec. 15th, may direct to New York City. The first issue for 1870 will be issued somewhat in advance of date.

A Business Office will be continued in Chicago, for subscriptions, advertisements, etc.

MRS. CORBIN IN THE NEW YORK WORLD.

A month ago we referred to a "card" of a surprising character, which had then just appeared in the New York World, signed by Mrs. C. F. CORBIN, referring to an editorial of the World on Marriage, in which allusion was made to THE UNIVERSE, and herself, and Mrs. J. S. ADAMS, charged with "covering with the thin disguise of a story a pronounced advocacy of the free-love doctrine." Mrs. CORBIN asks permission of the World "most emphatically to deny" that she has "ever written a line in advocacy of free-love or the abolition of marriage." Mrs. CORBIN then says:

"You have probably been led into error by the fact that the Chicago UNIVERSE, a paper which in the same connection you very justly characterize, has copied a story of mine from another periodical, and untruthfully announced it as written for THE UNIVERSE. This story was intended to illustrate some of the evils of untruthful and licentious marriages, such as are occurring every day in society—marriages formed from any and every other motive than that true and spiritual attraction which alone can form the basis of a pure, unadulterated union. With the paper in question, so far as it relates to free love, I have no sympathy whatever. I have never written a line for it, and never intend to."

This is a truly serious charge,—too serious to be permitted to pass unnoticed, though we would gladly spare Mrs. CORBIN from the deplorable position in which our disclosures will place her. We have hesitated some weeks before doing this,—thus permitting the charge of dishonesty and falsehood to stand unrefuted. The interests of social reform, with which we are now identified so prominently, will not permit longer silence. We have held Mrs. CORBIN in high esteem, but she has been guilty of gross faithlessness

and duplicity, which must destroy the confidence which she has enjoyed, and impair her power for future good works, unless she be excused on the plea of temporary aberration of mind, through physical weakness induced by serious sickness, or through the pressure of orthodox influence which has been brought around her, or through both combined.

Last Spring, we contracted with Mrs. CORBIN for a new story, to be written expressly for the Chicagoan, or its successor, (as we were then proposing a change of name,) paying her one-fourth of the amount agreed upon, in advance. It was determined that we should first republish a story of hers, published last year in the Friend (a monthly of small circulation and now extinct), by doing which it would give her more time for her new story, and would excite greater inquiry, therefore, by the public. She proposed to review and rewrite portions of the same, extending the concluding chapter to two chapters, and materially altering the plot. In view of these changes, it was mutually agreed that it should appear as "Written for the Universe." The second title, "A Woman's Deception," was accepted by Mrs. C. at our suggestion. She personally furnished us the installments, week by week, with her revisions, new sub-titles to the chapters, etc., and in the case of a misad chapter, she volunteered to rewrite the same for us, if not found. Portions of the copy, with the revisions, in her own writing, and correspondence touching the same, can be seen at this office. So much for the imputation of untruthfulness, as Mrs. C. mildly puts it.

The meaning attached to the term "free love," as used by the World, or as used by Mrs. CORBIN, may be the same, or may differ; but certainly, the writings of Mrs. CORBIN as given by us, by her authority, have been pronounced as revolutionary as anything else we have published—certainly they have elicited as much censure as anything beside. The objects aimed at by THE UNIVERSE, which are sought to be made obnoxious by the term "free love," are simply that woman shall control her affectional and her sexual nature, the popular legal marriage system not permitting this, thereby causing prostitution—a legal prostitution, destructive of health, happiness and the integral interests of humanity. Whether Mrs. CORBIN sympathizes with these objects is a matter of little moment; but she should be true to the public as well as to herself. In a "Prefatory Announcement," which she prepared to be used in announcing the new story (that she had contracted to write for us), which we have now before us in her own hand-writing, she uses this language:—"Marriage, as it stands embodied in the legal enactments of the civilized world and the customs of society, is simply an abomination before God."

This is about as strong as language can present the views of THE UNIVERSE itself; but Mrs. CORBIN expounded her views in still stronger terms. Though she now declares she has no sympathy with THE UNIVERSE, "so far as it relates to free-love," she certainly has very strong sympathy with the aims of this journal as we have represented them above, whether the views be "free-love" or something else. The foregoing quotation was written for publication. In a private letter to us, dated April 7th last (written from her present home in New England), not intended for publication, Mrs. CORBIN wrote:

"Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir—* * * I shall be glad if your arrangements leave me a little more time for the story. * * * I feel already that the story will be stronger, at least further-reaching, than anything I have ever written—more radical. Some things have happened to stir me up a good deal since I last saw you, and from henceforth I feel toward the embattled hosts who support the present legal status of woman in Marriage, to cry, 'Come on, Madcap, and cursed be he who first shall cry enough!' The things have got to go under, and I mean to be there when it goes."

(The italics are Mrs. C.'s.)

Under the imperative advice of her physician, her husband, and others, she relinquished her contract with us for the story which she had commenced, causing us much disappointment, and disturbing our business plans, as we had expended a considerable amount in advertising, etc., preliminary to the announcement of the forthcoming work.

We trust that Mrs. CORBIN may be restored to health; for we know that, with her former strength of body and mind, she will be brave in the enunciation and advocacy of the truths her soul accepts. Her position—she is a member of ROBERT COLLYER's church in Chicago, and moves in the first social circles—illustrates the terrible pressure brought to bear upon those who utter unwelcome truths, and the fearful martyrdom to which reformers are always subject. We have no feeling for the unkind statements she has been led to make concerning us. She will reconsider them. She has powers that the suffering world needs, to lift it from its depths of degradation and sin. It is hard to spare her; but many an arm that would have been effective in grand endeavor, has been disabled by the interference of Conservatism, using whatever powers it may command, to thwart progress. But ever the work goes on, though slowly.

—There have been numerous attempts recently to prove that Prof. AGASSIZ is orthodox in his sentiments. He is reported to have said, however, in his recent opening lecture of the Harvard course,—"I do not wish any one to come to my lectures who believes the Book of Genesis, as given in the Bible."

—The contest of social reform is becoming warm, and a more bellicose attitude is being assumed by some of the champions. A new paper called the Avenger, to be devoted to the interest of woman's rights, is soon to make its appearance at Crawfordsville, Ind.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—IX.

LIBERAL MINISTERS OF GLASGOW.—HISTORY OF TREBISOND.—INFORMATION CONCERNING RUSSIA.—THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE NOBILITY.—THE RE-INCARNATIONISTS OF SPAIN.—ABUSE OF A SPIRITUALIST BY THE POPULACE.—VOYAGE TO CALAIS.—FOREIGN ASPECTS.—BEAUTIES OF PARIS.—THE KISS FRATERNAL.—PARISIAN LADIES.—THEIR OCCUPATIONS.—A CONSUL-GENERAL, A WRITING MEDIUM, ETC.

PARIS, France, Oct. 6, 1869.

A recent mail from Scotland brought the following information: "The Rev. J. Page Hopps will commence his ministry in Glasgow, Sunday, October 3d. A congregational social meeting of welcome will be extended Mr. Hopps in Mechanic's Hall on Monday evening. Rev. J. F. Smith, of Edinburgh, and other clergymen will be present."

This Mr. Hopps is not only a distinguished Unitarian clergyman, but an open and avowed Spiritualist. He was the editor of the Daybreak, a journal devoted to Spiritualism and psychological science, also "Six Months' Experience of Spirit Communism at Home," a truly interesting pamphlet. The Rev. F. R. Young, a Unitarian clergyman of Swindon, is not only an out-spoken Spiritualist, but an excellent healing medium. These and other liberal clergymen have invited us to either partake of their hospitalities or preach in their pulpits—a liberality which we recommend to some of the old school Unitarians of America.

WHERE IS TREBISOND?

A gentleman whose manliness and integrity long since bound his soul to ours with a magnetic chain of gold, writes inquiringly from New York, "Where is Trebisond?" "What of it?" "Is it right for you to hide away from thinking, active, American life among those Moslems, Arabs, and Greeks?" Trebisond, previous to the reign of the Emperor Andronicus at Constantinople, in 1124, was an empire of itself, embracing much of what is now called Asia Minor. In 1204, Constantinople was taken by an army, composed of French, Flemish, and Venetian crusaders, who deposed and killed Alexis V., Murzuphus, and placed Baldwin, Count of Flanders, on his throne. No sooner had Constantinople fallen than Alexis, assisted by the Greek aristocracy, overran the country of Trebisond. Prof. Fallmerayer, in his exhaustive history, treats of the inhabitants, the religion, the imperial palace at Trebisond, and the Persian trade in connection with the empire.

Alexis IV. married a Trebisond princess. This gave increased strength to the Turkish empire. In after years, when Alexis IV. was besieged in his capital by Murad I., Sultan of the Turks (Osmanlis), the strong fortifications of Trebisond saved the empire. In 1461, Mohammed II. overran Asia Minor. Trebisond was besieged by sea and land, till forced to surrender, since which time its history has been intimately connected with the Turkish empire and Mohammedan rule. It was known in the middle ages as the Trebisond Empire. Its Turkish name is Trapezun, and its eastern portion is inhabited by the Lazos, of Georgian origin. The capital, Trebisond, is the seat of the Pasha of the Province, and of a Greek Archbishop. The population, according to Dupre, is 250,000, and according to Kenneth, 150,000, while Balbi puts the estimate at 130,000. The British Consul, Brant, estimated that the city of Trebisond numbered, in 1835, about 30,000, composed of Mohammedans, Greeks and Armenians, with some Persians or Arabs.

The commerce has greatly increased since the establishment of steamers on the Black Sea. After Odessa, it is the most important port. Some seventy-five miles southeast of the city is the far-famed St. John's Convent, surrounded by beautiful forests, and one of the grandest solitudes of the world. For much of this information we are indebted to the Ottoman Consul in London.

RUSSIAN SPIRITUALISM.

The well known Virginian radical and Unitarian preacher, Rev. M. D. Conway, now resident of London, gave us a thrilling description of a tour in Russia, and the conversation he held with a lady of high rank upon Spiritualism. She was a firm believer. Among the more highly educated classes, Spiritualism prevails extensively in the Russian Empire. No monarch received the Davenport Brothers with greater cordiality than Alexander II. That he is a devoted Spiritualist, none in well-informed circles dispute. A French Countess, or "lady of rank," writes from St. Petersburg to an acquaintance of ours in Paris, that nearly all the members of the imperial family are Spiritualists. The liberating of millions of serfs was worthy the inspiring genius of Spiritualism. Well may millions of Russians call this patriarchal absolutist, "Liberating Father;" for he forced the decree of the emancipation of these serfs, in spite of the most bitter opposition from priests and nobles.

SPANISH SPIRITISTS.

Standing upon the summit of the "Arch of Triumph" erected to the memory of Napoleon I., a gentlemanly resident of Paris pointed out to us, at a little distance, the present mansion-house of the deposed Queen of Spain. This Castilian country is now begging for a crown. It must be liberal or the progressives will banish the possessor.

Spain has many Spiritualists—that is, believers in spirit-communion. Mr. Polam, a Spanish writer of some fame, says that besides "sympathizing with Isabella, and the conservatives generally, these Spanish Spiritualists are all re-incarnationists." The Countess M. Medina de Polmar, whom we met several times in London, is a Spanish lady of fortune, a medium, a good woman—and yet, violently anti-republican as well as a devoted believer in re-incarnations.

Spanish Spiritists print three or four periodicals devoted principally to the facts of spirit-communication. In fine, they are merely records of phenomena, tests and evidences of clairvoyance,—matters that millions of Roman Catholics have never disputed. If they teach any distinctive dogma, it is re-incarnation, a theory to us as distasteful as unphilosophical. Would not these Spanish Spiritualists better subserve the higher interests of humanity by educating the people up to Republicanism—to liberty, freedom, toleration and broad philanthropic reform movements?

To show the moral status of this country, it is only necessary to refer to the recent brutal treatment of H. D. Jonck, Esq., a barrister and prominent Spiritualist of London. He was walking quietly, one evening, through the parks of Madrid, when a portion of the ignorant populace surrounded him, armed with axes, pikes and bludgeons—knocking him down and bruising him as though he was a wild brute. He was rescued after a

time, seriously injured and crimsoned in blood. The only cause of the outrage is the following (It is from the "La Politeia" Madrid): "A report had gained ground among the stupid and ignorant lower classes that there are some men with large beards who go about, secretly in pursuit of children, to carry away their marrow, with which they cure the small pox and oil the telegraph wires, which cannot work without this unctuous application. They distinguished the English gentleman with a large beard, walking alone through the promenades, and believing him to be one of those men, the country people of both sexes united and sacrificed him, bringing him to the public square in search of the Mayor, to present him as a savage, and asking permission to finish him at once by cutting off his head in their presence."

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Accustomed to the magnificent steamers of America, imagine my surprise when setting eyes upon the steam conveyances that cross the channel between France and England. It is a burning reproach to the immense wealth, the scientific knowledge and engineering skill of France and the English nation, that there is no more comfortable method of transit between these two countries. The channel, crooked and ugly, the waters almost universally rough and chopping, the barrier between Dover and Calais is really more serious than several days sailing upon the Atlantic. The steamers are small, uncomfortable, filthy; while their close, ill-aired cabins and wet decks are positively detestable. There are two steamers afloat for remedying this difficulty. The one is—impossible as it may seem—to tunnel the channel between Calais and Dover, connecting the two countries by railway. The other plan proposed is, to drive two parallel mining headways or driftways from shore to shore across the channel. The French Government, examining and approving, appointed a commission of scientific men, who have reported favorably upon the project. Though a most stupendous piece of engineering, it will no doubt be accomplished.

FRANCE.

Put down with our "right bower," (J. Burns of London, editor of Human Nature) in Calais, just before daylight, the full realization flashed upon our mind for the first time since leaving New York, that we were in another country, mingling with another people, listening to another language and the circumstantial subject for the time being of a proud Imperialism.

Everything was novel. The showy dress of the policeman; the red-legged French infantry; the imposing fortifications; the frowning mansions grayed with time; the clattering wooden shoes of quaint white-capped women coming to market; the donkeys with paniers quite as large as the staggering animals, themselves; the children gazing wildly and wonderingly at our long beard, opened up rich veins of thought and momentary amusement.

The ride from Calais to Paris was pleasant, but exceedingly monotonous. The vineyards were just purpling into inviting richness. The railway-route was lined with sunny domestic homes, bordering woodlands, and large fields divided and sub-divided into small patches, but all highly cultivated. The fields were golden, and women were doing the harvesting. Strong, energetic, they seemed the pictures of health and happiness. Out-door breathing, and out-door living are among the essentials of a well-balanced organic life. Will power and work are capital remedies. Try them, weaklings.

THE PARISIANS.

Gay, grand, and magnificent, Paris, magnetically speaking, is the approximate equivalent of San Francisco, California. The physical atmosphere is clear and bracing; while the electric aromas from citizens, streets and public buildings, compel the constant realization that you are in the midst of a people, less solid and substantial than those that tread the paved thoroughfares of London, Boston or Chicago.

It is evidently the policy of the Emperor to make Paris the center of attraction for the civilized world. The general aspect of its external civilization to-day, is splendid and finished beyond all our previous conceptions. Ten years have wrought miracles in Paris, say travelers, relative to straightening streets, ornamenting parks, planting spherul patches of flowers, constructing Napoleonic arches and monuments, collecting the choicest works of art, and erecting architectural edifices where magnitude, splendor, taste, costliness and symmetry of arrangement all unite to stir thought and delight the eye. Paris is France. Sundays are its gala-days. The citizens are proud of their fountains, gardens, beautiful boulevards and massive libraries, all open to the public. Under this display and grandeur there lies, however, a maddened volcano. Its fire and flame already cause a half-subdued rumble. Gog and Magog are sharpening their weapons. That Napoleon's health is frail, none dispute. The sins of his youth are fruiting out into fearful pains and penalties. The grave invites his body to hasten—a rich worm feast is promised. Then comes another revolution; mark the prophecy!

True, there is much democracy underlying this imperial absolutism. The people on the surface seem happy. Not a beggar has lifted a hand to us. But hearts must ache. Though the humble possess little or no personal property, they are conscious of being actual sharers in immense public wealth, and a proud centralized national splendor. When I saw women sitting upon the grass in the Tuilleries' gardens within a stone's throw of crystal fountains on one side and the stately palace upon the other, plying their needle and watching their sporting children, in the full enjoyment of the public protection, I partially understood how people could admire despotism. Anything but anarchy is a common heart-reprieve.

The French certainly live out of doors. The streets and cafes are constantly thronged. Jovial parties plant themselves in all the sunny places. Exceedingly social and affectionate, a Frenchman is seldom seen alone. Departing on a journey the father kisses his grown-up sons, the same as his daughters. This is an hourly occurrence in the depots. Medical students and young gentlemen of rank, give and take the kiss fraternal when unexpectedly meeting upon the boulevards. When our good energetic friend J. Burns, who accompanied us from London to Paris, arose in the library-room of M. Pierart, editor of the Revue Spiritualiste, to take his departure, the latter, fondly embracing, kissed Mr. Burns several times. It reminded us of the old apostolic injunction—"Salute one another with a holy kiss."

Wandering in evening-time under these mellow October skies, you would think the whole population had been invited out to a late tea,—making Paris a sort of perpetual picnic on pavements. A Frenchman's business must be enjoyment and festivity. The facial expression of the masses is a general genial, good-natured rallery. The solidity of the English contour and countenance, and the earnestness and anxiety of the American face are entirely wanting.

The Boulevards are beautiful streets with broad smooth pavements, along which are fine rows of ornamental trees; and under which are comfortable seats for those who choose to occupy them. These trees, parks and gardens, dotting Paris, are genuine health agents, absorbing the carbonic acid thrown from the lungs of the moving multitudes.

In neatness, Parisians put to shame the populace of London, New York and nearly all American cities. Rubbish is removed in the night. The streets, cleansed with water in the morning, are kept cool and moist throughout the day. This is easily done, the Seine running through the city. The French ladies are handsome. Their costume exhibiting a fine taste. Not a solitary swollen crinoline or trailing dress have we seen in the streets. While Spanish women glitter, flutter their fans, and twisting try to be graceful, the French, moving natural, tripping along with elastic step, twirling their kids and bouquets, do the graceful. Not only do women work in the fields, but they are the principal clerks in nearly all the retail stores. They are also largely employed in the wealthiest wholesale establishments. In all cafes and restaurants, women are the general supervisors and book-keepers. From baker's shops to offices in Hotels, women also are almost uniformly the accountants. We do not recollect of calling at a railway station for tickets to visit the environs of the city, but that women sold them. All this—all these rights, and more, under the reign of an Emperor! Moral:—If women would "talk" less about their rights and use those they already have, thinkers would award to them a deeper sincerity. An ardent believer in human rights—in the primal equality of sex, regardless of clime, color or nationality, we feel justified in this gentle hint.

HUDSON TUTTLE'S LATE BOOK.

All appreciative Spiritualists and genuine liberals hail the announcement of a new work from the pen of this gifted author, with delight. An American newspaper just forwarded us by Bro. Burns, made us acquainted with the fact that this book—the "Career of the God-idea in History" has been issued. It cannot fail of an immense sale. Would to heaven we could have the privilege of reading it while fresh and warm from the brain of the writer. Ten thousand Americans are delegated to read it for us. This reading by proxy—a sort of atonement, is distasteful enough, but it will do our soul good to know that thousands have purchased and perused the volume.

Hudson Tuttle, the English say, is "clever"—that is, he is able and philosophic. Speaking of American authors they seldom enumerate more than Davis, Tuttle, Robert Dale Owen and Judge Edmunds.

LEON FAYRE.

Accompanied by Mr. Gladstones, a very intelligent English gentleman residing in Paris, to us, "mine host"—interpreter and translator, we called the other day upon the distinguished Consul Gen. of France to Corfu, Mr. Favre. Courteously receiving us, he was very frank and cordial in conversation. His apartments bespoke taste, culture, and spiritual research. For three years he was a writing medium, and he continues to daily feel the presence of ministering immortals. He related to us some startling revelations and prophecies concerning the Emperor Napoleon. The Empress Eugenie is a devoted Roman Catholic.

J. M. P.

—In a portion of our last issue, in a review of the new book, "The Davenport Brothers," the types made us say that "we were not personally familiar with the physical phenomena," etc.—a provoking mis-statement. As to the Davenport Boys, while we regard them as possessing striking mediumistic powers, we also believe (we might say know) that they have practiced deception, just as there are those in various fields of human labor (the orthodox ministry, not excepted) who do very good things and sometimes very bad ones. While we condemn wrong-doing in every one, let us acknowledge the good when we find it. The Davenport Boys are soon to be in Chicago.

—By a printer's or proofreader's blunder (of which we have had too many, we are forced to confess, in THE UNIVERSE), one of Mr. PEEBLES' letters was made to read that the Everitt media "are doing a vast amount of good and receiving remuneration in the line of finance for their sittings."—The omission of the little word "no" makes a great difference. Mrs. Everitt is a private resident in London, and never offers her mediumship in the commercial market.

N. B.—Our proofreader insists that the omission of "no" was Mr. Peeble's oversight.

—Two or three Chicago journals persist in applying the words "indecent" and "immoral" to THE UNIVERSE, though we do not publish one-fourth of the gross cases of social wrongs narrated in their columns. We copy to aid in the removal of the causes of sin; they deck them in glaring tinsel, to please libidinous readers. Neither do we admit the infamous nasty and demoralizing advertisements, that they, for money, freely publish.

—In another place in this issue, we give an address of the movers in a new governmental plan, called the "Political Commonwealth," to which we invite attention. Persons desiring to become members of the "Political Commonwealth," or in any way to aid in the accomplishment of its objects, may address GEORGE R. ALLEN, Secretary, No. 35 East 27th street, New York.

—We trust that the Chicago Tribune will not pronounce THE UNIVERSE "obscene" for copying the following item from its columns:—"At Holly, Mich., the Rev. WASHINGTON W. WELCH, a Methodist clergyman, is under arrest on charge of outraging the person of the wife of Elder O. H. P. Green."

—A silver brick was recently presented to GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, by C. WIGAND, of Gold Hill, Nevada, inscribed on its several sides as follows—"GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, Positiveness, Persistence, Pluck;" "Incoherence, Freedom, Fairness, Faith, Fan;" "Inspiration;" "America;" "Manhood."

—We give a double installment of the excellent story, "Wai," by Miss GILBERT, in this issue, so those interested in it need not wait till Jan. 1st for a conclusion.

OUR LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

AMERICA TO PRECIPITATE UNIVERSAL SOCIAL EVENTS—THE MASSES OF NATIONS WAKING UP—LET A BODY OF LAYMEN PURGE THE BIBLE OF ITS DROSS—THE PRESIDENT NOT A GOLD GAMBLER—THE SABBATH NOT FOR OLD THEOLOGY, BUT FOR THE PEOPLE'S REST AND COMFORT—THE RICH AND POOR—SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK, ETC.

NEW YORK, October 23, 1869.

It should be the stern resolve of America to endeavor, by every possible means within the pale of justice and humanity, to destroy the power of Kingcraft not only on this continent, but in every portion of the habitable globe where the influence of her glorious name and example may be felt even remotely. It is not enough that she is gradually becoming the arbitress of the destinies of one hemisphere, and that she may be capable of holding the tyrannies of the other in comparative check; to be true to herself and her exalted mission, she must precipitate events, and become, as speedily as may be, the positive and clearly defined authoress of universal liberty, irrespective of creed or clime or race.

In the present disturbed state of Europe, the astute and analytical observer discovers nothing more than an effort of the masses to crush class legislation and to establish the principles of government upon a republican basis, whether in Church or State. The people begin to perceive, that, although they are the source of all wealth and power, they participate in neither, and are held in thrall from generation to generation by a conspiracy of cunning priests, hireling bayonets, wily politicians, and titled nobles. It is in consequence of this almost universal conviction, that the Ecumenical Council is now being convoked at Rome, and that the crowned heads of the world are kept in such constant political turmoil. The papacy is unwilling to see thousands annually, both at home and abroad, freeing themselves from its iron grasp, without making one mighty effort in its own behalf; while the tyrants of the lay sceptre, are in constant dread of being deprived of their power, and their assumed right to plunder the poor, defenceless millions which has been ground into the dust for ages. This is just the simple state of the case: The people are tired of priestly exactions and arrogance, and of princely frauds and oppressions, and are struggling to overthrow both. Shall we not, then, as a just and powerful nation, lift up our countenance upon our enslaved brethren, and dash their chains to fragments, whether spiritual or temporal, whenever the slightest opportunity presents itself to accomplish a feat so desirable?

As it is a fact sustained by the most profound learning and research, that no body knows when or where or by whom the Bible or the New Testament was written, and as no two sects on earth agree in their rendering of either book, my opinion is, that some able and learned body of liberal and honest laymen should take up the creeds and contradictory mass of both, and endeavor to purge it of its nursery tales, wretched inaccuracies, and absurd theories. As the case now stands, we can prove anything, everything or nothing from these two relics of religious barbarism and priestly interpolations. All that they contain of the divine and the beautiful is so bedeviled and bespattered with the ignorance, superstition and sordid lust of the age in which they appeared, that, in the light of the present day, they become repulsive to every man who is not prepared to believe, that the Creator of the Universe commanded the sun to stand still in the heavens, for the purpose of affording a parcel of shirtless vagabonds—a gang of Jewish County-Kerry men, an opportunity of butchering each other by daylight; or who cannot entertain the idea, that a man was born without a father, or that Jonah was, for three nights, at the bottom of the sea, picking up shrimps among the slush of a whale's stomach, until he turned sour on it. This is the heaven that "leavens the whole lump;" and before the Bible and Testament are recognised by the true intelligence of the age, they must be washed clean of it, and be presented to us in a shape more acceptable to the unerring standard which God has set up within every true soul, in opposition to priestcraft and the wild vagaries of fanaticism.

General Grant's letter to Robert Bonner of the *Ledger*, disclaiming any knowledge of the Wall Street gold swindle until it had taken place, is deemed quite satisfactory here. The truth is, no one but a few interested misguided politicians ever thought of charging the President with complicity in this disreputable affair. General Grant is too good and too honest a man to sully his world-wide fame by any act unworthy his exalted position; and so the matter rests just where it began—among an unprincipled gamblers and speculators who would, without a single twinge of their conscience, rob the widow of her last mite.

I understand, with very decided pleasure, that you are about to remove THE UNIVERSE to this city, where we have, at present, no organ of our divine philosophy. Other parties, as you are aware, had been speaking about starting a Spiritual journal here, but nothing satisfactory or decided has been accomplished in the premises. The field, therefore, lies completely open before you, and support has been promised you on all sides. Already, THE UNIVERSE has become a favorite here, so that you will not have to enter upon your mission in this locality, in the light of a stranger.

There is just one crutch that ought to be knocked from under the Old Theology, and that is Sunday, as such. As the tide now rolls, it is the especial day upon which, for the most part, priestcraft endeavors to renew or strengthen its grip upon the people. Take it away from the pulpits, and we shall have no portion of God's precious time prostituted to "the cloth," empty ceremonies, or those long-winded special pleadings, or driving platitudes which so frequently disgrace the common sense of the age. One day in the week may be devoted to rest and pleasure with advantage, perhaps; but as it is next to impossible to perform a true act of worship in a church, there is no necessity for setting apart a day for the reunion of religious-mutual-admiration societies, exclusively. Singing and prayer and exhortation, however desirable on certain occasions, have so long become the cheap, Christian groceries upon which the poor are fed, that I begin to doubt their efficacy strongly. The Great Father is honored only in that down-right, practical work which is performed, among the suffering and the needy, by those who have means. God will, at any time, forego his right, to "Laudamus," for a pair of shoes or a loaf of bread for one of his hungry or barefooted children. Who, then, can dare to demand a friendly audience of Heaven, who, possessing the power, refuses or neglects to perform his

duty towards his fellow man? This cheap and pleasant work with the lips and head, amounts to but little. The open heart and hand is what we want just now; and the nearer winter approaches the destitute thousands which throng our great marts, the more satisfied am I of the truth of this position.

The nights are chilly here, with slight frosts, although the days have recently become beautiful. How glorious and beneficent, the great being who appointed

THE SEASONS.
The seasons are but Nature's jewelled zone, Where, set, in changing splendor, we behold The pearl of Winter and Spring's emerald stone, The Summer's ruby and the Autumn's gold, Forever varying in shade and tone, And where the dazzling fingers of the sun, That fling the tinted shuttles of the light, Present the jewels to us, one by one— Forever circling and forever bright; And where, when all the fervid heats are done, The cool, pale pearl is turned upon our sight, That we may revel in a new delight, And to our Autumn, Spring, and Summer lays, Add yet one other song of grateful praise.

Miss Nettie Pease still continues her good work at the Everett Rooms. Her exercises are always identified with an inspirational poem, which invariably elicits the applause of the audience. In this particular region Spiritualism is making onward and upward. Some of the luminaries of the Old Theology are beginning to give way before it. Recently I met a certain reverend in company with Miss Pease, and was pleased to learn that he was about to purify himself of his musty old rags before the world. This is how it shall be until all are redeemed, from the least to the greatest. The Good Father cannot fail to be true to himself; and, such being the case, heaven and earth shall soon embrace each other in open day. Logos.

THE "SOLDIER'S FRIEND" ANSWERED.

We would like to know whether Jennie T. Hazen is in favor of Polygamy.

We would like to know whether a husband's being sinful, justifies a wife in following the same course.

We rather think, that in the last day, the wife will have to answer for her own sins and then find that the sins of a husband will be no shadow of an excuse for her.

We have no sympathy to waste, on a woman that needs a husband to be the keeper of her honor.

Every person has implanted in his very nature a sense of right and wrong, and immorality is in our opinion a thing that there is no earthly excuse for. — *Western Soldier's Friend*.

If "Polygamy" is the right and proper thing for men, it is also for women.

Education makes our conscience, and conscience is said to determine what is sinful. What is a deadly sin to one soul, may be the highest good to another. There are courses sinful to one, but not so to another. A husband's sins do not justify the same sins in a wife; but I would not have one law for men, and another for women. Mrs. Bailey, it would appear, did not love the man the law made her husband; her own soul acknowledged another as her husband. To live with Bailey in the relation of wife was simply legal prostitution.

As for the answering part, we don't suppose God will ever ask a wife any questions; and more than likely, that, as Sojourner Truth said upon a time, "God never hearn tell on her." Every woman ought to rejoice that she has only herself to answer for. It would be a fearful one-sided affair, if she were held responsible for the sins of her husband; and we women will all shout for joy when the day dawns wherein man shall not assume the responsibility for his wife, or to use an old adage, and a homely one, when "Every tub shall stand on its own bottom."

If you "have no sympathy to waste," as "equinomial"; don't waste it. I never heard a woman say she needed a husband to be the keeper of her honor. I never knew it was even necessary for her to have a keeper for that purpose. I thought it was considered the mission of the wife to preserve her husband's honor, and a sorry time she usually has of it.

What is right? and what is wrong? In no single instance does the old Bible condemn Polygamy. It was right for Solomon to own an immense number of wives and concubines. It was right for Jacob to marry Leah, and afterward Rachel. It was right for Abraham to be the father of children by Sarah's hand-maiden.

Immorality is a thing for which "there is no earthly excuse." What about the fathers eating sour grapes and setting the children's teeth on edge? Who is to blame for this extremely unpleasant condition of the small people's teeth? They didn't eat the grapes. How about the son of a sot being a drunkard? How about the transmission of traits of character from father to son? Have you no excuse for a liar, born of a liar? Have you no pity for a child who is born a thief? You might as well declare you hate a child with blind eyes and diseased skin, born of a scrofulous mother; you might, with equal justice, loathe a babe pining with consumption, whose mother is dead of the same dire disease. You would be shocked at your moral depravity, if you found such feelings in your heart toward children who have inherited physical disease. Then how much greater should be your self-condemnation, when you find it in your heart to condemn the unfortunates who are born with mental and moral diseases.

JENNIE T. HAZEN LEWIS.

WHAT IS "OBSCENITY"?—OPINION OF A MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The *Bistoury*, an able medical quarterly, published at Elmira, N. Y., under the title of "Newspaper Morality," says:

The Chicago *Journal* thinks THE UNIVERSE, a woman's paper published in Chicago, "might be more particular in its respect for the moral decencies."

THE UNIVERSE has recently published some pretty plain truths with regard to the abuse of the marriage relation, and has touched upon other matters of society that it would be well for every man and woman to read. The *Journal* thinks THE UNIVERSE is indecent in referring to such matters, yet publishes the most outrageous and disgusting cards in its own columns, that would shock a Turk's idea of morality. For instance: its columns contain cards of abortionists, of medicines to prevent conception, and for cure of private diseases, etc., etc., that had much better not be admitted to respectable newspapers.

Any journal, giving place to such vile advertisements, should be excluded from the family circle—they have as much influence in urging our youth to debauchery and lewdness as the sensational dime literature and "police gazettes" of the day.

Parents cannot be too careful of the character of reading matter they furnish their children, as their thoughts and actions are, in no small measure, controlled by what they read. And for this reason, our newspaper

men, the great educators of the people, should see that no immoral or obscene articles should gain admission to their journals.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SOUL OF THINGS; or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries. By William and Elizabeth M. F. Denton. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The science of Psychometry—for it seems to have reached the dignity of an actual science—was first discovered in a limited sense, by Dr. Buchanan, of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, and editor at the time, of a monthly publication called the "Journal of Man." He demonstrated by experiments made upon a class of one hundred and thirty medical students, that sensitive persons might be so affected by contact with substances of a decided taste, as to be able to recognize and name those substances, though they were carefully concealed from sight and knowledge.

So important a discovery as this, was not likely, in these days of eager inquiry into cause and effect, to be lightly passed over as of trivial importance; since whatever can furnish a clue to the detection of some hitherto unknown and unimagined law of mentality, is hailed with more delight by the true philosophers, who have entered upon the study of mind and its infinite relations, than would be the discovery of a mine of gold, or an inexhaustible bed of diamonds.

Poring over the few conclusions arrived at by Dr. Buchanan, it occurred to Prof. William Denton, one of the authors of the above work, to verify them if practicable; and accordingly, he entered into an investigation of the subject, aided by his sister, Mrs. Annie Denton Cridge, and his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Denton—both ladies proving highly susceptible Psychometric subjects.

The result of several years study of the new science, we have before us, in the shape of a delightful volume as ever charmed an Idealist, or entranced a lover of novelty.

"There is nothing new," says the proverb; yet to the infant mind nothing is old; and the world being in its infancy of thought, is likely to be hourly surprised by the elucidation of mysteries, and the discovery of heretofore unknown principles. The human processes of thought have been hitherto mainly objective. So much was to be learned about this good green earth and its occupants, that there has been little time as yet for man to introvert his thoughts, and search after the laws that govern soul-life and soul-manifestations; but since the discoveries of Astronomers, Geologists, and students of other physical sciences, have excited the wonder and admiration of the world, how much more amazement and delight will thrill the lovers of knowledge, when these new fields of mental science shall be proven to exist and to be subject to exploration.

The work has begun; the first great law has been seen at its luminous fountains, stamping its mystic symbols upon the golden coin of the Universe. Mrs. Denton and Mrs. Cridge have caught the flashing of its sacred fire; and Prof. Denton is the Promethean who has brought it to our very hearths.

Since the first publication of "The Soul of Things," myriads have tested the new occult science. It no longer rests upon the slight foundation of the testimony of two or three; yet so complete is that testimony—as found in these published details—that the student of Psychometry will require no farther aid to an investigation of its mysteries; and certainly the study bids fair to be the most delightful of all studies that have yet set the fountains of happy thought springing out of the soil of our mere earthly existence.

All honor to these lofty thinkers whose work will prove to humanity "a joy forever!"

If we should attempt to cull for the benefit of our readers, any choice items from this choice specimen of the scientific literature of the day, we should scarcely know where to end our quotations. Space will not admit of this, and we can only say to the investigator, "Get the 'Soul of Things,' ponder well its revelations, and if practicable, act upon its suggestions in pursuing Psychometrical studies, and you will find it to your soul as a 'well of waters in the thirsty desert.'"

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. Eight Evening Lectures on the Summer-Land. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Photographically Reported. Also A VOICE FROM JESUS VICTOR WILSON. Boston: William White & Co.

That ancient astronomer of whom Dr. Johnson wrote, who had studied the phenomena of the earth and heavens so long, and gained such skill in his predictions of weather, eclipses, starry motions, etc., that at last he came to imagine himself sole director of the Universe, did not more astonish the sweet sister of Rasselas, when he unfolded to her his insane belief, than the author of the above work would startle and confound the general reader, by his simple unpretentious account of his most remarkable experiences and conclusions. But unlike the dreamer in his tower, Mr. Davis keeps a sane mind, and evidently bases his expectations of receiving credit as a seer, solely upon the accordance of his visions with the inner life and intuitions of his readers.

Beautiful indeed are these revelations of spirit-life; and although some of them would be startling enough to excite disbelief, if stated out of their connection and sequence, they seem but natural exponents of spirit law, to such as have followed the seer through his previous elucidations. Clear, direct, unburdened with the huge raft and ungainly craft of monstrous words that bear little freightage of thought—flows down the river of spiritual inspiration to us, through the brain-channels of his fine organism; and we wander by the sacred Nile of its singing waters, not drunken with the foolish lotos-plants of fancy, but cheered by refreshing draughts, and baptized by the exquisite silver of its regenerating dews.

Aye, and who shall say such dews are not regenerating? Who that has hungered over the pages given to the world by this inspired philosopher, will venture to tell us that they are but the sickly ravings of a half-crazed visionist? They bear the evidence of the author's perfect sanity in every line. They ripple and sparkle in our sight, touched with the very hues of Heaven. No mistaking such flashings of light for the red, pure, steady glow of some frolic-lit bonfire, or worse, the flame of a destructive conflagration!

Mr. Davis is no Iconoclast. He does not spring upon the lover of creeds and rend his garments of belief that were woven with such infinite painstaking and weariness, by the skill of mistaken Theologians. But he walks beside him as a friend, a brother, and trusts that when once the purity of his own white robe is seen, the curiously be-spangled garb will be dropped, and his companion cry out "I will henceforth clothe myself only in the garments of light!" Nor can such books as this which we are

considering, fall of ultimate effect upon the great, moving mass of Humanity. Even the reluctant mountain-glaciers must feel the sun and send down at last their living active waters to feed the "lilies of the field." So of the hearts frozen in the ancient *mer de glace* of prejudice and opinion. The light will have its effect; the world will yet be gladdened in all its veins by their contributions to the growth and beauty of its coming Summer. And we cannot doubt that Summer is at hand, while its sweetness is borne to us, like rose-scent upon the wind, by such books as "Death and the After-Life."

Reader, do not fail to purchase and enjoy it. Yet we had almost said "First purchase all the previous works of Mr. Davis, and after a careful reading of them, get this too, the sweetest expression of his soul-experiences, and revel in its exquisite pictures of life in the Summer-Land."

Mr. Davis has written purely upon the very bells of his chariot-horses. We need not fear that he will guide us into unclean ways or the devious paths of false thought. Spiritualists usually accept him and delight in receiving and assimilating the delicious fruits that are the outgrowth of a mind clear with heavenly inspiration.

ROLAND YORKE. A sequel to "The Channings," By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," "Elsie's Policy," "The Haunted Tower," "Orville College," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Chicago: Western News Co.

We had scarcely read one chapter of the above, before we became aware that a fiction of uncommon merit was in our hands. Mrs. Wood is well known, and her books widely circulated already; but we greatly mistake if Roland Yorke, do not at once extend her fame, almost into the domain of the classical. A suppressed power shows itself throughout. She does not parade circumstance or event, though the interest of the story hinges upon the commission of a terrible crime. There is even a passing over of such sensational details as might with propriety be given; seeing that in real life, crimes do arouse intense excitement and frequently are attended with much talk and torment of nerve.

Although the author calls her story "Roland Yorke," we feel that her real hero is Bede Greatorex; and though he is carefully kept in the background, we are continually straining our eyes to discern through the shadow in which he stands, something of the man whom Fate and her Furies seem to have marked for especial wrath. He is not a villain; he is not even a passionate man in any ordinary sense of the word; although, as sometimes happens with strong natures, there had come a time to him when a frenzy of passion had seized him, and wrecked for this world, all his possibilities of happiness. We do not scorn him for this; no feeling of aversion is excited, for the man is deserving of nothing at our hands but a reverent compassion, and freely do we give it to him.

It is so usual for our novelists to show us villains and spur us into hatred of them, that Mrs. Wood has earned our gratitude, for once, picturing a criminal who has no particle of actual villainy in his composition.

But Roland—we can scarcely do justice to the grand, blundering, overgrown, splendid young fellow. Like Mrs. Partington, he never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it. He is continually shocking those tiresome English proprieties; and never does it without exciting our delight. Like "Roland Cashel," he is the creature of impulse, but infinitely exceeds him in *bonhomie*, and glorious good-fellowship. Really we were constantly desiring to shake hands with him, and were not at all sad when Sir Vincent obligingly breathed his last and our hero fell heir to his guineas and his baronetcy; though of all persons Roland was the last to rejoice in a good fortune gained at the expense of another.

We hope Mrs. Wood will give us even a better novel next time; and assure her that if it fall in our way we shall certainly read it, though we pride ourselves upon being quite delicate in our literary appetite.

THE IMPROVISATORE. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated from the Danish by Mary Howitt. Author's Edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co.

There is a world of tender pathetic thought in Hans Christian Andersen, and his stories read like the rippling of spring-waters. If he who has power to awaken in the heart its best and purest feelings, to kindle fires of thought sacred as those that burn upon celestial altars, to quicken all noble purposes of the soul and generalize and expand the whole nature, be a great man—then is the author we speak of among the greatest. Upon every page we find thoughts that sink deep and stir the still currents of our interior life.

Observe the exquisite meaning of the following tiny parable:

"There is a song about the nightingale, which, when it was quite young, sat in the nest and plucked the green leaves of the rose, without being aware of the buds which were just beginning to form; months afterwards, the rose unfolded itself, the nightingale sang only of it, flew among the thorns, and wounded itself." This instance of the delicate touch of a master of poetry, is but one among a thousand, in this beautiful volume. Its story is, as all the author's stories are, finished, pure, daintily-expressed, and admirably calculated to charm both young and old.

I. THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT; or, The Young Engineer of the Lake Shore Railroad. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co.

II. LIGHTNING EXPRESS, or, The Rival Academics. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co.

III. ON THE OCEAN, or, The Young Captain of the Ucaqua Steamer. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co.

IV. SWITCH OFF; or, The War of the Students. By Oliver Optic, author of "Young America Abroad," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co.

Here we have another set of Oliver Optic's pleasant stories for boys, entitled "The Lake Shore Series," comprising four attractively bound and illustrated books, just issued, and two more now in press. This author never fails to please his young readers. He has an inexhaustible fund of agreeable incident and anecdote; and he has moreover, the art to adapt himself perfectly to the class for which he writes. Parents, who wish to keep their boys at home evenings, would do well to furnish them with such wholesome and entertaining reading-matter as Oliver Optic has provided. We do not think any boy of ordinary intellect would prefer the clamor of a street-scene, to the quiet of the family sitting-room, and a volume of the above holiday series

Try them, anxious parents, and prove our judgment correct.

I. COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE; for Common Sense People. By William Denton. Third edition, enlarged and revised. Ninth thousand. Boston: Published by William Denton.

II. THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE. A Discourse, by William Denton. Boston: Published by William Denton.

We have here two pamphlets aiming to place the Bible and Biblical accounts, on a footing with other scriptures, subject to the same process of investigation and liable in the same way to the belief or disbelief of its readers.

Certainly that is the platform mankind will soon stand on; hosts are there already, jubilant with a sense of freedom, and other hosts are ascending to gain place beneath its banners of free-thought. All writings tending to this result have their use, and should have free circulation among the people. Thought has been so long buried alive in the Bastille of Theology, that we hail with joy the noise and conflict of the revolution that shall destroy it, and we had almost said, slay the jailors thereof. Let us not be vindictive however—but spare the wrong-doers and wrong-thinkers, while we denounce and demolish the wrong.

Mr. Denton's power of dealing with such subjects as he undertakes, is well known. His discourses, both spoken and written, are wont to please and instruct, as many thousands can vouch for. Both these pamphlets are worth purchasing and treasuring among the good things of a select library.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED. By Epes Sargent, Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We have already given our readers liberal excerpts from the advance sheets of this very progressive book; and now that the work itself is laid upon our table, we are nowise disappointed in it. We find a story of much interest, adorned with fine poetic touches, and all on fire for truth and reform. We could not be critical concerning grouping and coloring, when, throughout the picture gallery of this artist, we catch such glimpses of a glorious realm of growth and beauty. His world indeed, is no Heathen one, whose mountain-slopes are dented with the goat-hoofs of a brute-god, whose forests are loud with the babblings of amorous nymph and droid, and whose valleys are flushed with Bacchanalian vintages;—it is the world of to-day—emerging from the slimy waves of a mere animal life, into the sweet, soft, stainless sunshine of spirituality. This is a book for pure women—and pure men also; and we are grateful to Mr. Sargent for having written it.

"LETTERS FROM THE EAST." By William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

These "Letters" were written in the years 1852 and 1853, but not being of a transitory nature, will be very welcome to the world of Mr. Bryant's admirers. They could not fail to delight and instruct, and Americans could not fail of greeting the book, which collects them for general reading, as it deserves. True, book-markets are flooded with the journals and letters of European and Oriental travelers, nearly all of which are ephemeral and quite worthless, except to the personal friends of the Author, who may care to hear where he dined on good Friday, how many beggars assailed him in his morning walk, and who provided him with his regulation suit for presentation at court. But even though Mr. Bryant had written of these things (which he has not,) all lovers of American literature are his personal friends; and since he, of all men is the one least likely to thrust himself before their notice, this book will be found filled with really valuable matter.

ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot, Author of "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "How Lisa Loved the King," etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co.

We can safely assert that a better volume of instructive fiction than "Adam Bede," may not appear once in a century. Its portraits are vivid and powerful, its teachings such as must exalt the moral standards of society—for we are glad to say, the people universally purchase and peruse the admirable books, of "George Eliot." Like the lamented Charlotte Bronte, Miss Evans fearlessly gives what her heart feels, and her brain perceives to be a faithful rendering of the actualities of life and society. None of her characters fail to impress upon us and some of them utter words that are indeed like "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The sharp-tongued Mrs. Poyser lets fall many terse sentences that are even now incorporating themselves into the daily talk of the populace. Her proverbs are inimitable, and like all good proverbs teach more than a dozen homilies. We could wish every young man and woman were the possessors of "Adam Bede."

SIGNS AND SENSATIONS IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND SWITZERLAND; or, experiences of an American Journalist in Europe. By Edward Gould Buffum, author of "Six Months in the Gold Mines," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This posthumous work of the late lamented Editor and Journalist is one of the pleasantest bits of leisure-hour literature. Its descriptions are fine, its movement and action unembarrassed by the dead weights of personal matter, and its clear current is brightened by the summer-blossoms of many a choice episode and anecdote. The man who could write the following simplest of records must have had a heart filled with kindness to the brim:

"In the back room, opposite mine, lived a little flower-maker, Aglae, and her mother. The pretty patient little creature plied her busy fingers from daylight in the morning until the night was far spent; for with the two or three francs a day which she earned, she found it difficult to support herself and her poor mother who was confined to her bed half the time with rheumatism.

Aglae and I became great friends, and many a long winter evening I sat in their humble, ill-furnished room, reading to and talking with them, while little Aglae worked away at her roses and lilies. Her 'young man,' the grain-seller's son in the next building, who took her to the gallery of the Porte St. Martin or the Parterre of the Bobino on Sunday evenings, told Aglae that she must not be so agreeable to the stranger; but this did not prevent her, when I was ill for a week, from bringing her work into my room, and chirping away in her cheerful manner as blithely as a bird. Then it was all arranged that when I received the hundred thousand francs, which was the first prize in the Montenegro lottery, of which I possessed four, costing five sous each, Aglae was to have a *dot* of, I won't say how many francs, and was to marry the grain-seller's son, and I was to be one of the groomsmen, and the old lady was to live with them, and a plate was to be set for me every Sunday, and the grain-seller's son was to have a shop of his own, and we were all to be as happy as possible.

Dreams—dreams—I. I saved her delicate little body from the horrors of the *fièvre comenne* and now when I stray into the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, my feet involuntarily lead me to a little green grave fragrant with spring violets. Upon the headstone three wreaths of immortelles are hanging, and beneath them is chiselled the name of 'Aglae.'

SOUL READINGS.

ASSISTED BY SPIRIT INTELLIGENCE.

J. M. Spear will examine and prescribe for disease of body and mind, will delineate character, capacities of persons, and often indicate best locations for health, prosperity and harmony. This he does by means of hand-writing, photograph, lock of hair or personal presence. Age and sex being stated when the person is not present, aids the delineation.

Fee, \$2.00.
Address, J. MURRAY SPEAR,
1014 Stockton St., San Francisco, California.

Chicago to New York.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway began, on Monday, Aug. 23, to run a palace sleeping car between this city and New York without change. The route is via Buffalo, New York Central and Hudson River railroads, and is one of the most pleasant and easy between the metropolis of the East and that of the West. Berths may be secured and all necessary information obtained of F. E. Morse, Esq., General Western Passenger Agent, at the Company's office, No. 56 Clark street.

—Mrs. S. A. Waterman, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometer and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, etc. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular.

D. M. GRAHAM. J. W. FERRIS. D. L. PERRY, Notary Public.

GRAHAM, PERRY & CO.,

Real Estate and Loan Agents,

Room 8, Major Block

(CORNER LA SALLE AND MADISON STREETS).
Place money on loan on first Mortgage, with interest payable annually, East or West, as may be desired. Real Estate purchased, sold and managed, and taxes paid for non-residents.

Farms and Farming lands throughout the different States of the Northwest, for sale and exchange. Cotton lands and Plantations in Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, to be disposed of at bargain. Improved and unimproved property in the city, among which good bargains can always be had. We are making a specialty of property at Jefferson, only two miles from the city limits, and can furnish to any person who wants it, prices which are sure to double in a very short time. Ground is 40 feet above the city, and is accessible by Railroad and two good Turnpike Roads.

Call, and we will give you a Free Ride. We will sell to lecturers and take monthly payments, and by the time they are broken down the will have a nice home, or its equivalent. We also have some horses for sale or trade for lumber.

LOU. R. LOWRY, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIST,

No. 302 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gives special attention to Diseases of Women. Examines Patients clairvoyantly, and gives psychometrical diagnoses of cases at a distance. From a lock of hair, autograph, or photograph. Rooms furnished for women patients.

Address, 176 No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

JOHN B. WIGGINS, FASHIONABLE CARD ENGRAVER, CUTTER, STENCIL AND DIE SINKER, 108 So. Clark St., CHICAGO.

SOMETHING NEW! Two Million Copies of the Annual SHAKESPEARIAN ALMANAC for 1870, will be given away, and in order that the distributing may be made as rapidly as possible, I should deem it a favor to send, pre-paid, ten or fifteen copies to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. One of its features are the Seven Ages of Man's Life. Illustrated in a masterly manner. Address, 176 No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

Dr. Wm. & Mrs. P. J. Cleveland,

Eclectic and

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1869.

SPiritualists' STATE CONVENTION OF KANSAS.

The third annual Convention of the Spiritualists of Kansas, met at Topeka, Oct. 1st, pursuant to call. President F. L. Crane, in the chair.

On motion Mr. E. E. Barnum was chosen Secretary *pro tem*. After an invocation by M. E. Taylor, the President delivered an address of welcome. The Secretary was instructed to furnish the same for publication.

On motion the chair appointed a committee of three on credentials. The treasurer's report was submitted and adopted. The chair appointed a committee on business and also one on finance. A committee of three was chosen on by-laws. The report of the committee on credentials was accepted and adopted. A committee of four was appointed on resolutions. After short addresses the convention adjourned until evening.

Evening Session.—Meeting called to order by the President. After music by the choir and an invocation by Mrs. Thomas, the convention listened to short addresses from different speakers. Music by the choir. Adjourned to meet to-morrow at 10 A. M.

Morning Session.—Convention called to order by the President. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved. Report of the committee on by-laws was accepted. The adoption of the same was deferred until the next meeting. A committee of three on nomination of officers for the ensuing year was chosen. Adjourned until 1 1/2 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Convention assembled according to adjournment. Report of the committee on by-laws, presented at the last session, was adopted after much discussion. Report of the committee on nominations was accepted.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz: President, F. L. Crane of Topeka; Vice Presidents: O. H. Wellington of Ottawa County, Mrs. E. B. Danforth of Lawrence and H. Taylor of Johnson County; Treasurer, Samuel Hall of Topeka; Secretary, Miss Jennie Crowe of Topeka.

The Committee on Resolutions considered the following which were separately considered and adopted:

WHEREAS, It is apparent that there are spirits who assume to be teachers, whose religious, moral and intellectual status is inferior to that of the medium whom they seek to teach, therefore,

Be it resolved, That justice to the spirits and the medium, and to the cause of spiritualism in general, requires that those spirits should be kindly, but firmly, admonished to take the position of scholars rather than that of teachers. That it is the sacred duty of all the friends of Spiritualism to guard their children against the stultifying and demoralizing tendency of all theosophy, and to inspire them with more rational and practical ideas of God and immortality. That the evident progress of the human mind in all things in this life, both practical and intellectual, virtually denies and disproves the doctrine that "as the tree falls so it lies." That the bondage of creeds, and a requirement of the performance of certain religious rites and ceremonies, is mental and spiritual slavery, and the greatest impediment to human progress. That as order is one of the highest laws of the universe, and organization indispensable to development, we do most earnestly recommend to Spiritualists, everywhere, to organize into associations, not of creed-bound or radical character, but for mutual protection, growth, representation and financial order.

Resolved, That the ministrations of Angels and spirits has been a favorite idea in all ages of the world, but that it was never fully actualized until the advent of modern spiritualism.

Resolved, That the people of this world are incapable of elaborating a true philosophy, or a national religion without assistance from the Spirit world.

Resolved, That we perceive in the teaching of spirits a system of philosophy that, when accepted by the world, will go far to establish "peace on earth, good will to all men."

Resolved, That the rights of minorities are in no wise compromised by the acts of majorities, and therefore all resolutions of this Convention embodying a declaration of principles or purposes, are to be interpreted as responsible opinions of those only who vote in the affirmative.

Resolved, That we recognize the necessity of the entire separation of religious creeds from political organizations, and that we will oppose by our voices and our votes the engrafting upon the Constitution of these United States the recognition of any particular God, Bible or Savior, and that all attempts to do this by any convention or ecclesiastical combination should be denounced by every lover of religious liberty.

Resolved, That Spiritualism is a religious eclecticism, embracing universal truth; that it includes all the facts and phenomena of Nature, and interprets them to human consciousness; that, as a demonstration, it takes away the fear of death, adds new significance to this present life, and presents to the world the only system of religion compatible with the facts of human history and the principles of science.

Resolved, That all punishment for crime which does not aim at the security of society, reparation for the injury done, and reformation of the criminal, is wrong in principle and pernicious in practice; hence the death penalty, being destructive of each of these ends, should be abolished, and houses of correction and hospitals, instead of prisons, should be established for those unable to govern themselves.

Resolved, That the age demands the individualization of woman, politically, religiously and socially; and therefore demands her thorough and practical enfranchisement.

Resolved, That the property owned by individuals is the same as that of individuals—to prevent the establishment of an untaxed monopoly, which may hereafter overthrow the institutions of the country, and prove as in times past, destructive to civil and religious freedom.

The following additional resolution was also, after much discussion, adopted:

Resolved.—That the refusal of the ministers of the various churches to meet us in open honest discussion, is proof of the weakness of their cause.

Adjourned until 7 1/2 P. M.

Evening Session.—Convention reassembled. After music by the choir and an invocation by Mr. Danforth, Mrs. Danforth spoke, in a trance-condition, followed by Mr. M. E. Taylor. Report of the State Missionary, M. E. Taylor, was submitted and adopted. Adjourned to meet to-morrow at 10 A. M.

Morning Session. President in the chair. A motion to ordain, as ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism, Mrs. Hannah Thomas, and Mrs. E. B. Danforth, was, after much discussion, laid upon the table. Report of the committee on finance was accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Danforth then addressed the meeting. Adjourned to meet at Germania Hall at 2 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Meeting called to order by the President. The following resolution was adopted:—That we, the members of the Kansas State Society of Spiritualists, recognize Mrs. Hannah Thomas of Topeka, and Mrs. Elizabeth B. Danforth of Lawrence as ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism, and as such entitled to perform all acts that ministers of other religious organizations in Kansas are by law allowed to perform.

Resolved.—That the President and Secretary of this society be directed to furnish each of the above-named parties a certified copy of the above resolution.

Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Danforth then addressed the meeting. Adjourned until evening.

Evening Session.—A large audience was in attendance. M. E. Taylor delivered an address followed by Mrs. Thomas.

Monday Oct. 4th. A Conference-meeting was held in the Senate Chamber at 10 A. M. Adjourned sine die.

JENNIE CROWE, Secretary.

WHAT EFFECT FROM THE "ABOLITION OF MARRIAGE?"

BY AUSTIN KENT.

A. W. Pool demurs at the idea of the abolition of marriage, and asks: "Shall men and women be governed as the brute creation are, by the law of passion and attraction?"

Let me tell Bro. Pool that those who are the first to advocate the abolition of marriage, are generally those who believe man is entirely superior to the brutes, and that, in freedom, he will soon come to be governed by love more than "passion." But if he believes that man is not created above the brute—I infer that he does—why should he not act like the brute?

As a matter of fact, we find many races of animals, in their conjugal action, more just, if not more rational, than man. Let us reach their refinement, good order and good manners, before we refer to them to illustrate degradation.

The goose is polygamic, but more just than any race of man polygamists I ever read of. Seldom, if ever, does a gander take a second goose while there is a single gander in the flock. Adultery is a most rare occurrence. The abuse of a female by a male is uncommon.

If Bro. Pool is in search of pure conjugal monogamy, he will find it, not among men, or seldom—but in the fox, and other brutes. Many races of animals are more or less monogamic. As Mr. P. has referred to the brute, let me ask him for the evidence that the monogamic brutes are a lower species than the more monogamic?

Our friend tells us the dreaded coming change will not effect the happy relation existing between himself and Mrs. Pool. The same is true of nineteen in twenty of the conservative couples living within five miles of where I live. Mrs. Kent and myself abolished our marriage nearly thirty years ago. I did us no harm. I gave her back her head, her individuality, and her promise to "obey." She took truth for her head, and left me the same. She often finds that truth in me. I, perhaps as often, find it in her. We think love is better than law; and law is not the best promoter of love.

Friend Pool! If God created man for the exclusively dual order in conjugal relations—you think He did—then freedom will, most assuredly, result in that order. If man was not created for that order, freedom will bring about a different order, and you ought cheerfully, if not joyfully, to accept it. If God is the author of monogamy, the idea that man can never be trusted in freedom, is—to put the thing mildly—no credit to Him. If love cannot regulate our world, our case is most hopeless. Law will never do it.

Stockholm, N. Y.

CHEERING WORDS FROM W. S. M.

To the Editor of The Universe.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the success and prosperity of your noble and outspoken Journal, THE UNIVERSE. Would that it could be sown broadcast all over the land, and its wholesome truth be more diffused among the creed-bound of all denominations; and I predict that there would then be a quaking amid the old fossil dry bones of the age. Your paper is the only one in the country that has the moral courage to publish such letters as that of Mrs. Judge Knowlton, stating facts in such strong terms as not to be misunderstood. I bid her God-speed in her noble efforts to show the evils of the marriage law in its most horrible and damning phase. Mrs. Knowlton has, in the person of—, found another advocate; may she still keep on in the same manner, until the ranks swell to thousands. The marriage law as it now exists, is a disgrace to the enlightened people of America; but so long as true men and women hold back from giving utterance to their highest and purest thoughts, just so long will *legally protected* prevail. Then, up Reformers! Be ye Spiritualists, Infidels, or by whatever name ye may be called, up, and for the right! The truth is mighty and shall prevail.

If the veil to-day could be lifted up,—what heart-rending scenes of heinousness in its most degrading aspect! crushing out of existence all the high and holy attributes of woman, while man, in his power, is permitted, by law and society, to gratify his love of lust, and everywhere, and to ravish the innocent, confiding, and trusting woman, who, in her supreme love and confidence in the object of her soul's adoration, conceives it impossible that he should do wrong. But she soon awakes to her real condition and finds her wrongs irreparable; while her destroyer is at liberty, (not unlike the lion in a certain book,) still to seek whom he may devour. The signs are propitious; persevere then in your works, so nobly begun, and the angels will reward you for this doing.

A NEW DEMOCRACY!—"POLITICAL COMMONWEALTH."

Citizens of America!

The age in which we live is pregnant with great Political and Social Problems, which are forcing themselves upon us for solution; and as we are more favorably circumstanced than other nations, the duty rests with us of experimenting in the science of Sociology, until the hallowed object of perfecting human government is accomplished.

Though, thus far, our efforts have not been crowned with the degree of success that is anticipated, and formidable obstacles still remain to be overcome, let us not relax, but rather redouble our efforts to stay the well-tide of corruption and strife, and inaugurate an era of Virtue and Peace.

The gigantic proportions of speculation and fraud, developing in political circles, and the increase of crime and inequality throughout the Land, is mortifying to us as a people; and as the scheming speculators and legalized monopolists are growing richer and the useful classes poorer, a crisis will soon be reached, most fearful to contemplate, unless measures are speedily devised to arrest the evil.

We live upon a land flowing with milk and honey, yet gaunt poverty sweeps over society, spreading distress, disease and premature death. Mammoth storehouses are filled to repletion with the products of industry, while thousands of producers famish for want of bread. Dense forests and rank grass cover millions of fertile acres, while homeless anxious laborers loiter in the market for the privilege of toil.

The development of labor-saving machinery marvelously increases the power to produce wealth, which should lighten the burden of the workman, and advance the prosperity of society at large; whereas it is swerved from a true and healthy course, and enters into harmful competition with those whose living depends upon a demand for their labor.

Though the earth teems with annual harvests, and the hands of labor produce an abundance of every convenience and luxury of life; yet, under the baneful influence of a defective system of Government, which fails to protect its citizens in the enjoyment of their equal and natural right to the soil, and an Ishmaelitic system of commerce and industry, which regards *laissez-faire*, as well as products, an article of traffic and monopoly—Society is divided into Landlords and Tenants, Capitalists and Laborers, Rich and Poor; and conditions of anxiety and antagonism are engendered, which poison every sphere of life.

After a careful investigation of the causes of political and social evils, we are constrained to believe that they are the legitimate effects of an anti-democratic feature in government, and an antagonistic system of commerce and industry. Therefore, to expect a prosperous condition of affairs by a mere change of officers, the exposure of fraud, or the denunciation of crime, while the present system remains unchanged, is to expect results contrary to the nature of things; for the opportunities, open to our public officers, to acquire wealth by an abuse of the power reposed in them, and the fabulous fortunes, often realized through the legalized methods of fraud, prove too great a temptation for frail human nature to resist. Therefore, when a reform has to be undertaken, (to be successful) it must be supported by the people that feel oppressed; and as they are largely in the majority, they have the power, to speedily and peacefully change the principles upon which society rests.

The necessity of a thorough change is manifest, and numerous are the plans proposed, and efforts made to mitigate the evils complained of. But mitigation is not enough. We believe the time has passed for fragmentary propositions of reform to awaken any considerable degree of enthusiasm in the people, or be of any permanent value to society, if accomplished. Though the efforts to extend the right of suffrage, the formation of Trade Societies, Protective Unions, Strikes for more equitable terms of time or wages, etc., are praiseworthy manifestations of the right spirit, and have been, and still are, valuable as a means of education; yet, to arrest the further growth of fraud, and remove the monster evils, there is need of a more comprehensive scheme than any of those hitherto proposed; one that shall conserve the best interest of every useful class and calling, and unite their scattered forces into one consolidated army of progress. To realize the necessary reform, and place the future developments of society upon an harmonious upward grade, the government and industry of the country should be reconstructed upon the principles of natural right, political equality, and mutual protection; and there are two methods by which this may be accomplished: the most speedy one is by political action, and the other is by the organization of labor upon the basis of mutual interest.

We live under a government that may be so amended by political action, as to secure the sovereignty of the people, and the subordination of their legislative and executive officers, making it just in principle, wise in policy, and honest in administration. But the present Constitution excludes a majority of its citizens from a voice at the polls, and sets aside the cardinal principle of popular sovereignty by clothing the Legislature with authority to enact laws, grant privileges, and appropriate public property without submitting their acts to the people for ratification.

Further, acting under its authority, the officers to whom its administration has been committed, have issued depreciated currency, chartered banks, and legalized interest on money, and thereby imposed upon society the most oppressive system of aristocracy, (except that of the land,) that ever afflicted the civilized world. Therefore, the government is unjust in principle, unwise, partial and oppressive in legislation, and complex, extravagant and subject to fraud in execution. And,

Therefore, we present the following propositions of reform for the consideration of the people of this country, believing them to be true, and their adoption necessary for our own prosperity as a nation.

1st.—That all members of the human family are entitled by nature to use sufficient of the common elements, (Land, Water, Air, and Light,) to maintain their existence, and properly develop their being.

2nd.—Land being an inalienable, natural right, (to which all men are alike entitled,) and not property, should be supervised by Government for the use of its citizens, upon the basis of equality.

3rd.—The unconsumed property, and other advantages resulting from the experience of the past, should be a common inheritance to the living generation.

4th.—The currency of a nation should be issued by government only, be a legal tender

and bear no interest; thereby protecting the people from the snares and frauds of gambling money-changers.

5th.—As all just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed, the right of suffrage should be secured to every citizen of mature age, without regard to sex or condition.

6th.—To sweep away the present multitudinous and vexatious laws, and introduce a more simple code, more easy to understand and observe; also, protect society against usurpation and speculation by public officials, and help to educate the people in political science, the government should be Democratic. Though legislation may be done by representatives, the people should reserve the sovereign right to ratify or reject the acts of their public servants.

7th.—While the existence of an army or navy may be deemed necessary, they should be reformed to correspond with the principles of equal pay and ration; and opportunities should be afforded to rise from the ranks to the command, and from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck.

8th.—To avoid the evil consequences of official patronage and party bias, all officers should receive their commissions direct from the people, while clerks, mechanics, and other operatives should be taken from the list of competent applicants, as their names stand recorded, or be drawn, as the names of jurors from the wheel.

9th.—To secure the greatest advantages of economy and convenience, resulting from the improvements of the age, and guard against the cupidity of contractors, the fraudulent principle of interest on money, the impositions of the banking system, and the extortions practiced by Rail Roads, Gas companies, and other organized monopolies, the system of contracting public work should be abolished; and all public improvements, such as Post Roads, Rail Roads, Gas-works, Water works, Mining operations, Canals, Post-offices, Telegraphs, Expresses, etc., should be public property, and conducted by government, at reasonable rates, for the interest of society.

10th.—To advance material science, develop the resources of the country, and protect the useful classes against the avarice of capitalists, or the derangements of trade, the various branches of useful industry should be instituted by the government upon equitable principles, as to time and compensation, and thereby furnish employment to those who might otherwise be idle and suffer the pangs of poverty, or be tempted to crime.

11th.—To provide for the proper education of the people, every school, college and institution of science should be supported by the government, and free to all; and to enable the people to convene frequently to consider subjects of public interest, and review the acts and propositions of their public servants, the primary or public school houses should be open at least two evenings in each week for the use of the people.

12th.—The greatest degree of benefit to be realized from combined effort will flow from the most comprehensive union of interests, upon the principle of equality; to attain which, government must ultimately absorb and direct every department of use, extending to the citizens equal opportunities, equal compensation for services performed, and equal protection in seasons of sickness, disability and old age.

Accordingly, to hasten the realization of a wise system of government or social order, the undersigned hereby agree to form an association, to be known as the "POLITICAL COMMONWEALTH," whose members must pledge their earnest efforts to elect candidates to the Municipal, State, and National Legislatures, who will faithfully represent the principles above stated; and to prevent the development of corruption in the association, (such as disfigure other political parties) and secure the most worthy citizens as public servants—the dishonest system of selecting candidates by Nominating Committees, must be repudiated, and our candidates be chosen by popular vote of the association.

GEORGE R. ALLEN, Secretary,
No. 35 East 27th Street, N. Y.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The undersigned, being convinced of the necessity of an American Woman Suffrage Association, which shall embody the deliberate action of the State organizations, and shall carry with it their united weight, do hereby respectfully invite such organizations to be represented in a Delegate Convention, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, November 24th and 25th, A. D. 1869.

The proposed basis of this Convention is as follows:

The delegates appointed by existing State organizations shall be admitted, provided their number does not exceed, in each case, that of the Congressional delegation of the State. Should it fall short of that number, additional delegates may be admitted from local organizations, or from no organization whatever, provided the applicants be actual residents of the States they claim to represent. But no votes shall be counted in the Convention except of those actually admitted as delegates.

MAINE.
John Neal.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Nathaniel White.
ARMENIA.
William T. Savage.
VERMONT.
James Hutchinson, Jr.
MASSACHUSETTS.
William Lloyd Garrison.
LYDIA MARIA CHILD.
DAVID M. CHILD.
GEO. F. HOAR.
JULIA WARD HOWE.
CAROLINE M. SEEVERANCE.
James Freeman Clarke.
Abby Kelly Foster.
Stephen S. Foster.
FRANK B. SANBORN.
PHEBE A. HANFORD.
RHODE ISLAND.
Elizabeth B. Chase.
T. W. HIGGINSON.
ROWLAND G. HAZARD.
CONNECTICUT.
H. M. Rogers.
Seth Rogers.
MARIANNA STANTON.
NEW YORK.
George William Curtis.
LYDIA MOTT.
Henry Ward Beecher.
John Gage.
Samuel J. May.
Celia Burleigh.
Wm. H. Burleigh.
ANN M. FOWLER.
ANNA C. FIELD.
GERRIT SMITH.
E. B. BAKER.
NEW JERSEY.
Lucy Stone.
Henry B. Blackwell.
John C. Portia.
ANTOINETTE B. BLACKWELL.
J. P. Davis.
MARY P. DAVIS.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Mary Grew.
NEW AWARE.
Thomas Garrett.
Fleider Israel.
Hannah M. Tracy Cutler.
A. J. Boyer.

OHIO.
Mary V. Longley.
J. J. Belleville.
Miriam M. Cole.
S. Bolton.
INDIANA.
Amanda Way.
George W. Julian.
Laura Giddings Julian.
Lizzie M. Boynton.
ILLINOIS.
Mary A. Livermore.
C. B. Waite.
Myra Bradwell.
James B. Bradwell.
Sharon Tyndale.
J. P. Weston.
Robert Collyer.
James Haven.
MICHIGAN.
Moses Colt Tyler.
James A. B. Stone.
Mrs. H. L. Stone.
WISCONSIN.
Lily Peckham.
Augusta J. Chapin.
IOWA.
Amelia Bloomer.
MINNESOTA.
Mrs. S. B. Seaverns.
KANSAS.
Charles Robinson.
Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols.
John Ekin, D. D.
J. P. Root.
MISSOURI.
Mrs. W. T. Hazard.
Jesse H. Burroughs.
Mrs. Beverly Allen.
James E. Yeatman.
Mary E. Brady.
J. C. Orr.
Mrs. Geo. D. Hall.
TENNESSEE.
Guy W. Wilcox.
Chas. J. Woodbury.
LOUISIANA.
Mary Atkins Lynch.
TEXAS.
Elizabeth C. Wright.
DIST. COLUMBIA.
Grace Greenwood.
ARIZONA.
A. K. Safford.
CALIFORNIA.
J. A. Brewster.

BRITISH SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The British Social Science Congress began its annual session, at Bristol, on the 29th of September. The opening day was devoted to a religious service, at which the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol preached a sermon, and to the delivery of the opening address by the President, the Right Hon. Sir Stafford H. Northcote. On the following day the sectional meetings were begun and papers were read on various subjects. The only topic of special interest outside of England was that of the relations between England and the colonies. The multiplicity of plans proposed for improving the condition of the colonies, for cementing the union between them and the mother country, and for a change in the form of government, showed clearly the reviving interest at home in the colonial question.

The Duke of Manchester thought that if the colonies had a voice in the government of the empire it would be advantageous to them, but he did not think it practicable. He proposed instead that the government of the colonies be intrusted to a council, to take the place of the Colonial Office in the British Government. This council he would have consist of representatives of England and of the colonies in proportion to their wealth and population. He would have the defence and public works funds contributed by the whole people under British rule and distributed as needed, so as to spread the feeling of interest in the unity of the kingdom.

Mr. J. E. Gorst took a widely different view. He thought there was too much meddling by the home government in the affairs of the colonies, and desired that virtual independence should exist in the management of the present dependencies of England. He contended for elective councils in the colonies instead of the assemblies now appointed by the crown, for the purpose of carrying out the will of the home government. He also wanted the colonies to take upon themselves the whole charge of defence.

Mr. Hare, the author of a system for the representation of minorities, advocated the direct representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. John Noble, in effect at least, supported the idea that the colonies ought to sever their connection with England. He laid down, however, certain principles, on which alone he thought the present union could be maintained; the existence of perfect freedom of trade throughout the whole empire; the disposal of waste lands for the benefit of the entire population of the empire, reserving an adequate land tax as a provision for future revenues; and the equitable contribution of every portion of the empire towards imperial expenditure.

On the third day of the Congress attention was paid in the several sections to the poor laws, infanticide, and kindred evils; insanity and drunkenness; questions of health, and State aid to emigration. Papers by Mr. McCullagh Torrens, M. P., and others, on the latter subject, gave rise to an animated discussion, but most of the speakers pronounced in favor of aid.

There were some very interesting papers on drunkenness and the laws for the restriction of traffic in intoxicating drinks. Dr. Symonds read a paper in which he showed the close connection between drunkenness and insanity, and proposed to remedy the evils resulting from the excessive use of drink by more stringent penal laws for cases of voluntary drunkenness, and that those whose appetites are so strong as to bring their cases nearly within the scope of the laws regarding insanity, should be segregated in asylums—whether restrictive, like insane asylums, or more reformatory in their nature, he was not prepared to say.

Dr. Gairdner had a very suggestive paper. He expressed no opinion on the subject of prohibitive laws such as are proposed by the Temperance Alliance, but thought that in any case they would not stand in the way of law forbidding the furnishing of liquor so as to produce intoxication, and making the public legally responsible for making a man drunk. His plan seemed to be to deal severely with the seller who inflicts such a wrong upon society, and for men who are literally the slaves of drink, he would provide three gradations of offence, according to the character of the men; the first to be met by a trifling fine, or a very brief imprisonment; the second by a temporary allotment of the earnings to a wife or other selected person as trustee; the third by some properly managed system of continued tutelage or restraint. The discussion which followed was quite interesting.

The section resolved in favor of more stringent laws against drunkenness, leaving the form of them entirely undecided, or for more rigid enforcement of those now on the statute books; and dipsomaniacs ought to be liable to deprivation of liberty with a view to their protection and reformation.

Other papers were read in the several sections on the influence of education in diminishing crime, on prison and hospital reform in various aspects, in favor of compulsory education, and on numerous other topics.

REV. MR. NASBY'S DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

When torn from my peaceful home to life on friends up the South, I had a wife with I loved. Life was a peaceful stream, and we floated calmly along. She took in washing, and I talked politics at a neighbor grocery, investin the proceeds of her labor in the sustenance afforded at the bar. When I returned, wat met me? The killin' wren outtrite wuz not the most heart-rendin incidents of that fratricidal struggle. It was the severin w domestic ties—the tearin down w domestic altars, and the separatin of families. When I returned I wuz coldly met. Loozier Jane wuz washin as usual, only harder than ever, and I notist the children had new frocks and shoes. The fust afternoon I wuz at home I askt her in my old familiar way for a dollar and a half, ez I wanted to go down the street.

"That's played!" she remarkt.

"Hev'n't you got it?" I askt.

"Hev," she replied, "and I propose to keep it. I hev discovered athisin since yove bin gone. I hev found that it's easy enuff to support myself and the children washin at a dollar a dozen, but add to that a hulkin man, with a nose like yours, and it's harder than I keer. This house is mine—you kin vacate."

And she calmly rung out a shirt ez tho wat she said wuz a common-place remark instead of a practical divorce.

I left her. A feedishin ablishist hed p u

this idee into her hed, and she hed aced on it. Since that time I hev wended my way alone, subsistin by chance. Ablishism owes me the home I hed. Ablishism owes me the likker I ought to hev hed, out uv wat that woman hez earned since that cruel day. O, wat a fereful debt to pay. *Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby.*

SOCIAL CRIMES AND INCIDENTS.

—Charles Stewart shot and killed his wife, yesterday, at Nashville, Tenn., in a drunken fit.

—The wife of a farmer in Lafayette, Ind., has quit making butter and eloped with a man who didn't like to see her make a slave of herself.

—A man named Pat Hayden died in Lansing a week ago last Sunday night, from the effects of a wound received, a few days previously, at the hands of his wife.

—The Prussian executioner will soon have to behead, at Gossitz, a girl of eighteen, who murdered her parents because they would not allow her to marry a man of her heart.

—Lately one Pratt, residing in Canton, Ill., shot and badly, if not fatally, wounded a man named Harrington, from Farmington. A woman was at the bottom of the quarrel.

—A few weeks ago, at Sturgis, Mich., Mrs. Ella Cooper, who for years has suffered from chronic trouble, and whose husband, at the spring, left for the west with another woman of the neighborhood—committed suicide by drowning.

—A school teacher, Joseph Norris, in Oakwood township, Ill., lately, by shooting, attended the murder of Sarah Litter, a widow, to whom he had been paying his attentions with a view to marriage, but who had rejected his suit.

—There seems to be no doubt that the so-called Lord Huber (Leroy Ainsley, who lately married Miss Lilly Martin, a rich and beautiful belle of Staten Island, is an impostor. The father of the bride gave her \$100,000 as a wedding present.

—A man named Chris. Brady, twenty-five years old, recently committed a rape on a German woman more than fifty years of age, at Grand Chute, Outagamie county, Wis. The husband of the woman expressed a desire to settle with Brady for money.

—A generous chap near Muscatine, Iowa, the other night offered his rival thirty cents if he would stand back and not interfere with him in his attempt to take their mutually loved Susan home from spelling school. The offer was indignantly refused.

—Jesse Conner last August, married Miss Eliza Doyle, of whom he soon obtained, as a loan, all her funds and then departed. He was seen with a wife and half a dozen children, and has just been bound over to appear before the tribunal.—*Philad. Post.*

—The charges against Thomas Branning, of Boston, for beating his wife to death, have been fully sustained by the Coroner's inquest. Branning confesses that he murdered his wife because she denied him money to buy rum.—*Weekly Standard Rel., N. C.*

—Margaret Clancy, wife of Lawrence Clancy, died very suddenly on Wednesday night, at LaSalle, under such suspicious circumstances that her husband, who, common report says, has long maltreated her, has been arrested and locked up to await the Coroner's inquest.

—In the south of Boston, recently, Mrs. Harrington, her brother and little child have all died suddenly. Her husband and a Mrs. Dumpley are suspected of having poisoned them, and have been arrested. The case occasions considerable excitement.—*Weekly Standard, Raleigh, N. C.*

—General Canby has refused to give a decision in the case from Petersburg, Va., wherein his interposition was invoked, in order that a white woman and a black man might have a marriage license issued to them. The Petersburg Courier says he thinks the courts should settle all such matters.

—Ike Pratt, of Canton, shot, and, it is feared, fatally wounded, one Harrington, from Farmington, at Canton, Ill., on Saturday. Harrington and his wife had separated, and, she being found in company with Pratt by Harrington, the latter upbraided her. Pratt took the woman's part and shot the husband.

—In Memphis, Hugh Brinkley is being sued for divorce and avers that he was never married to complainant; but for

THE UNIVERSE.

OCTOBER 30, 1869.

Written for The Universe.

A SOUL'S DESPAIR.

BY M. B.

Hark to the shrieking West wind,
To the tide-bell's solemn toll!
The devil in hell are merry,
Over a sinking soul;
Over a broken spirit,
Over a heart's despair:
High are the gods above us,
Who shall succor or care?

The scornful lips of the mocker,
May scoff forever in vain;
Nothing shall give me sorrow,
Nothing shall give me pain:
My heart is dead with anguish,
And shame to bear and to be;
If only I was lying
At rest in the silent sea!

Must I live, must I live forever?
Must I bear, for a million years,
This desperate curse of sorrow,
This burning passion of tears?
This pitiful, beggarly portion—
Unworthy of life the name;
If only this score would kill me
This hate, and scorn, and shame!

Hark to the wailing West wind,
To the tide-bell's solemn toll!
The devil in hell are merry,
Over a sinking soul;
Over a broken spirit,
Over a heart's despair:
High are the gods above us,
Who shall succor or care?

Chicago, Ill.

Written for The Universe.

WAIF.

BY G. F. GILBERT.

[Concluded from first page of this issue.]

Daddy's fertile brain was perpetually devising new ways and means of earning more, and earning faster, and had grown so active, that it scarcely allowed him time to sleep. Sanguine of complete success, he was jubilant from the very first. But, somehow, after the first flash of joy, a gloom crept in upon him, like a cloud and chill on summer air, which darkened the radiant prospect, and deepened, as time went on, a sense of loss and distance, which grew so over-powering, at times, that in pauses of his work he would creep to the sea-shore, when he could do so unobserved, and, with streaming eyes, stretch his arms over the dreary waste of water, with hopeless, impassioned longing. It was only at times, that this vague feeling grew so painful and intense; it hung over him, for the most part, with a dim, shadowy, haunting dread, which made him restless and watchful, fearful of some disastrous circumstance that would frustrate their precious scheme. Each night he breathed a sigh of relief; "One day more" he would say to himself, "one day nearer" and yet, nothing had happened. So the days lengthened into weeks, until the one, set to end their work, had come; that night's offering was to be their last; that evening Daddy was to borrow from his friend all that was needed to complete the sum, and the money was to be on the way to his mother, the very next day.

With the time so near at hand, hope took courage, and vague fear and shadowy dread vanished out of sight. This day had been fraught with such brilliant success in the money line, that it had crowned all the others, fortunate as they had been. Though the crowd had been no greater than usual, some irresistible magnetism had seemed all day to draw customers to his stand, and the net result was wonderful. Counting his money over, Sammy grew jubilant.

"There never was such luck," he chuckled, "What will Daddy say? Mother is as good as here, already."

He started home in the twilight; there was no need for working over hours that night. He said to himself over and over, as he went along, "What will Daddy say?" But there was no Daddy waiting for him, at the special corner where they usually met; no Daddy at any one of the various points on the way, where, failing of those before it, he had waited; no Daddy hid in the deep shadows of the doorway, when he reached it, suddenly and facetiously pouncing upon him, which pleasantries his spirits had risen so high as to indulge in occasionally, since the prison-key had turned on the dread of his life. The fear, that had dawned upon him, since first missing Daddy's smiling face, at every after-step of the way gathering strength and power, now deepened into dread.

He paused and listened. What an unearthly hush was on everything! How still it was! "Daddy," he softly called, "Daddy," but no answer came. What was this that fell upon him as he entered? Ah! it was the darkness of the valley, amid whose somber shadows mourning mortals, bowed and weeping, have sat since time began. Trembling in every limb, holding to the balustrades for support, he climbed the stairs, as well as he was able. He listened at the door, a low moan reached his ear; he tried it, it was unlocked; softly opening, he entered. The fading light shining through the window, fell upon the bed. Daddy lay upon it; blood on his face and hair; blood oozing slowly from a frightful wound in his head; if from any other wound, he never thought to look.

How long since it had been given him? How many hours since, faint with loss of blood and mortal weakness, he had staggered to his home and crept to his bed to die, Sammy did not know—he never knew; Daddy was too far gone to tell him; and he, at first, could only cry and wring his hands, and cling despairingly to his only friend—his noble, little protector who, he felt, was going fast.

Then with a glance at the deathly face, and an agonizing consciousness, that he was past all need of it, he started to go for help; but the deplorable, heart-broken cry of his adopted—the shower of tears that fell on Daddy's unconscious face, brought back Daddy's wandering wits; he feebly put his hand upon his arm to stay him.

"No use," he said, "no use. Stay by me, for a little, Sonny, and lay your hand upon my head; it stops the ache, it does."

Did she do it? Sammy tremulously queried, soothing the bruised head with his hand.

Daddy nodded. "Poor Critter!" he said; and soothed by the touch, he was sinking into the same half-unconscious state; but Sammy's tears that were falling on his face, aroused him, for a little.

"Don't cry, Sonny," he feebly said. "I've done the best I could, in a general way, and he won't go back on a feller for what he didn't know; up there, somewhere, there's a good place for me."

He lay resting, for a moment, then, with a second mighty effort, he aroused himself again; he opened his eyes and gave a parting

look of affection at his treasures,—the fruit of his brief life's toil.

"Sonny," he said, "the things are all yours." That was his last of earth. Then the heavy eyes closed wearily; he was quite unconscious, after that, of Sammy's broken sobs, and the tears that rained upon him. He was wandering in fairer climes, and other lands, it seemed. As he lay there, all the sharpness and shrewdness of the old look, faded from his features; it was a child's face again—and gradually there stole upon it a wondering, awe-struck, blissful look. He opened his dying eyes, and they were radiant.

"Sonny," he feebly queried, "you didn't see nothing—not a thing uncommon?"

No words after that, only broken syllables; then the lips moved without a sound, and then stopped altogether. The hard, brief life was ended.

The wretched mother, in her mauling frenzy, had given her boy his death blow, and possessed herself of the borrowed sum he was carrying; all the precious, hoarded treasure, scraped together by their joint toil and care, went to pay the debt. The meager amount brought by the sale of the furniture, was not sufficient to delay the funeral expenses, and poor Daddy was buried as a pauper.

Sammy went back to his fruit-stand with swollen eyes, and a bit of grape on his hat. In poor Daddy's lonely grave, his humble hopes lay buried. Dreams of home and mother had set in night, and what had life to offer? The little heart, weighed down by its lonely sorrow, endured no sharp agony, no fierce bitter pang of bereavement—realized nothing clearly. The past was like a mournful, half-forgotten dream; the future blank; the present, a dreary, misty state of wretchedness. The home-sickness of months; the toil of the past few weeks; the horror and desolation of these last days, had been too much for him; poor Sammy's physical system was giving way before the strain. A sharp pain, and now and then, a giddy feeling in the head, was followed by unconsciousness of his surroundings, for a brief season, which was filled with fevered imaginings of being in some other time and place; and he would say over and over, in a wild, vague way, "Two, four, six, eight," as Daddy and he had done when they counted and gloated over their little hoard in the evenings that would never come again. Then he would be brought back to himself by some one looking curiously at him, or asking for an orange, perhaps.

It might have been the next day, it might have been days afterward,—his vague, dreary mental state took no note of time,—when he was roused from a longer season of semi-unconsciousness by the fact, gradually forcing itself upon his dulled sense, of a greater crowd, and a greater noise than usual. A procession was parading the streets with music and banners; carriages, and wheeled vehicles of all sorts jammed together; policemen on the alert; a dense crowd—thickest where he stood. He could only see that nearest to him; one, among the objects thus placed before him, attracted his attention, after a time; a carriage, and a lady seated in it, dressed in plain, quaker garb; a lady whose serene autumnal beauty, was fairer to look upon than youth's glowing charms, to eyes that read the soul.

Some fancied resemblance, in face or air, to the mother he never hoped to see again, fixed his eyes and thoughts upon her. He watched with sad, absorbed interest every move and gesture, every change of feature, even. The air was close; the dust was thick; she had been hemmed in by the crowd so long, that she was heated and tired. Looking wearily about, she glanced in his direction, after a time, and pointing to an orange, beckoned him with a smile so like his mother's, that the tears sprang to his eyes.

He selected two of the finest, and brought them to her carriage door; he gave her the one she had asked for, and then, with timid hesitation, proffered the other.

"Take this, too," he said, "you look like her." She glanced at the child's wistful face, and took it.

"Who?" she asked, with a wondering look.

Tears stood in his eyes; the poor little face worked with emotion. "My mother," he said.

Her wonder changed to sympathy and interest; she took his hand, and drew him toward her.

"Poor, little boy! is she dead?" she asked. The tone and act were too much for him. Sammy choked, and could not speak; he pointed across the water. With gaze and thought intent upon him, she was leaning from the carriage with her purse in her hand, when suddenly the crowd moved; the horses started, and she dropped it. A shrewd-faced urchin, an inch or so shorter than Sammy, seized and hid it amid his rags. Sammy quick, for once, had seen him.

"Mum's the word," said the boy, with a cunning look; "when they publish on it, and come down handsome, I shall out, covet."

Sammy rejecting the offer with disdain, and bent on rescuing the money, a struggle ensued, in which, Sammy, the larger and stronger of the two, proved victorious, and bore off the purse, in triumph, to the lady.

"What is thy name, little boy?" she questioned.

"Sammy," he replied, forgetting that he had any other.

"Sammy," said the lady, in her sweet, quaint way, "I think thee." She opened her purse, and took out a glittering coin.

"Something for thy trouble, little boy," she said.

He looked at the money, and while he stood there hesitating whether to take it or not, a stone hurled by the vanquished, struck his head, inflicting a cruel wound upon it. The blood flowed copiously, but he made no effort to wipe it away. To her anxious inquiries he made no answer. His cheeks were burning, his eyes were wild, he looked at her vaguely.

"Two, six, eight,—ten," he counted. "She is as good as here, already." Then he laughed deliciously, and the startled lady screamed with fright. A physician made his way through the crowd that had gathered around her, looked at the boy, and shook his head. "He had better be taken to the hospital, madam."

But the helpless, unconscious child, appealed to her woman's heart too strongly; she took him to her home. There, the friendless little stranger was nursed as tenderly as if he had been her own.

When he had grown sane enough to tell his story, she sent the sum required to unite child and mother, but it was too late.

After a brief season, it was returned accompanied by a few words written in a stranger's hand, telling when she had died, and where. So the kind lady who was childless, loving him, by this time, took him to herself.

The poor child, more fortunate than many another waif found an adopted home and mother in the land of his adoption. But time has taken what it gave, and Sammy the young, is now Sammy the old.

Years have brought back the child's estate, and with the old longing breathing through

his heart, he stands alone, as he did then, on the shore of a measureless sea and stretches forth his hands with tears, to his friends on the other side. Ah! the boy had sought it blindly. Unknown to himself it was the deep longing of the spirit, breathing through his little heart, for a home that faded not away, abiding and eternal.

OUR LETTER FROM "HELEN."

REPLY TO "A MOTHER."

MAYSVILLE, Ky., Oct. 10, 1869.

DEAR UNIVERSE:—After a very brief season at home with loved ones, I am again on the wing. In the hurry of my preparations for the "melancholy days," while at home, I had no time to read your glorious paper, which I found had accumulated in numbers since my last visit; although my fingers burned and my brains, too, for a rich revel among its columns. But I did pull open the wrapper of the last one—stopped the sewing machine to do it—and the first article that met my eye, as I followed the pages, was the one signed "A Mother," and giving me a "gentle chiding" for my ideas upon that relation.

The article is good—I can take but one exception to it, which I will dilate upon in due time. First, let me state—as to win a fair hearing, even from "A Mother"—that I know nothing about that beautiful relation except what I gain from observation and the instinct that is dominant in every woman's soul. I, alas! am not a mother; and, God judge me, I would not wish to become one upon the terms and under the conditions that most women do, who assume that great responsibility. I think "A Mother" has, however, misunderstood me. I don't think, unless I misunderstood her, that I have ever implied that "a woman is less a woman by becoming a mother." On the contrary, I meant to have conveyed that it is the perfecting of a woman to become a mother; that she has missed one of life's sublimest lessons of life, while she remains ignorant of "baby fingers' warm touches"; but I do say, that unless the relation from whence motherhood springs, be true and in accordance with the divinity of natural law and spiritual affinity, the baby had better never be born—both for its own and its mother's sake. Now I come conveniently to the "exception" I take.

I am ignorant, I admit, of intimate knowledge of the subject I undertake to handle; but I am consoled by the thought that perhaps I know as much about it as many who have gone deeper into the divine mystery than I—gone with a clog to their feet, and blindfold, in consequence of the primary conditions not being perfect.

"A Mother" and I must say, most mothers, also all sentimentalists, will persist in calling motherhood the most sacred relation under heaven. I can't see how mothers can do it, if they ever loved devotedly the fathers of their children. I can see why sentimentalists do it,—because they don't know any better. I presume Mrs. Stowe would write a "true story" to prove the point; and Lady Byron would come out of the grave to tell it to her. Nevertheless, and despite the fact (?) of a child having once been born without a father, I cannot see how the relation of a mother is more sacred than that of wife, or why it should be of paramount consideration. Cynics would tell us it is the ultimate dotage of a woman's life, that begins with a toy, goes on through all the stages of kittens, dolls, bosom friends, boys and men, until it culminates in a real live, flesh and blood baby; and there the gradation must, of necessity, end—woman's mission is performed—the love of her soul is achieved; and she has nothing else to do but devote the rest of her days to the "most sacred relation under the sun."

In spite of all the preaching in all the pulpits, I must accept for a truth, that *wifehood is a more sacred, more widely and nobly developed relation than motherhood*. And when I say "wifehood," I don't mean the ordinary relation that passes current for the true and holy. When a woman—not a half-fledged girl of eighteen—becomes a wife, one with a man who appreciates her as she him, loving with an ever-increasing and expanding affection, then, indeed, are two lives fused in one, to form the perfect whole; and all results to such a marriage are holy, and a source of great good to the causes. Such marriages need not bonds and chains to hold them fast; nor law to legitimize their offspring.

In my varied observation, I have seen few mothers who were their crown gracefully, because, something was wrong originally; the relation that plaited it for them is a lie and a disgrace. Can a mother be the better for bearing a child she sheds bitter tears to know she has conceived? Can the responsibility be assumed sacredly when there is no sacred love in the souls of father and mother; when, horrible to think of! they go to that beginning of the end, with no thought or intention to fulfill the law, but only to gratify the passion of the hour; and when the consequences are apparent, the father curses while the mother weeps. Can such motherhood ennoble the mother or bring forth good fruit in the child? It is not, then, the becoming a mother that is objectionable—but the how and the why?

Then, too, if a man with more than one wife is "too much married," it seems to me one woman with a half dozen children, to say nothing of any more, is too much a mother. I don't believe a woman in the common walks of life, a woman who has to labor for her home and children, can have so many children, wisely for them and for herself. If Queen Victoria can stand it with a nation's responsibilities on her shoulders, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, with their burdens of daily labor to bear, cannot. If a woman has three or four times gone through that fiery furnace and valley of the shadow of death, she has done all a merciful God can require and all a loving husband should demand. I protest against such large families. I don't believe it is right, and I believe a time will come when for a lawful wife to have many children will be considered as deep a disgrace as for an unlawful wife to have one—be it ever so "little bit of a one."

Then, wives, see to it, that your wifehood is true, ere you attempt the result of motherhood; for the most sacred relation under the sun is that of husband and wife!

HELEN.

Says an exchange: "We dissolved a large table-spoonful of common salt in about half a tumblerful of cold water, and with this we gargled the throat most effectually just before meal time. The result has been that during the winter we were not only freed from the usual coughs and colds to which, as far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute it entirely to the salt gargle, and do most cordially recommend it to those of our readers who are subject to diseases of the throat."

Written for The Universe.

THE IPSE DIXIT OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

I notice in Sunday's *Tribune* of the 24th inst., that the headquarters of the *Universe*, a paper devoted to its report to "Free Love," etc., is to be removed to New York. The *Tribune* adds that "Chicago will not be sorry, neither will New York rejoice."

Now the query is—Does the *Tribune* represent Chicago's sentiment entirely? It must be conceded, the press has powerful sway; but when it assumes authority equalled only by the Church, what, in the name of reason, can be the intellectual status of a people? Must Chicago really ignore any literature taboed by its *Tribune*?—drop in horror any publication of whatever character, that falls under the ban of excommunication pronounced by such a potentate?

We challenge the "daily" to find any "free love" doctrines in THE UNIVERSE different from those taught by the pure minded Jesus. Is it shame that a paper, in these discriminating times, dares repeat Christ-like utterances? His "love" was too "free," perhaps, for fastidious itemizers of to-day. Why not at once cast Him overboard a second time, as did the Jews, for such heretical language, and have a mind-to-mind conflict on the "present situation"? No doubt his self-sacrificing soul would acquiesce, could nobler thoughts be generated therefrom.

Most people are confounded by the term "free," whenever used in conjunction with unaccustomed thoughts. Webster gives words many significations, and sometimes we get the meaning of an author or only by considering his preceding remarks; therefore, had the "local" been reversed, another light would have been thrown. As it is, the word intimates license of morals, or "immorals." License in the latter sense THE UNIVERSE never has advised. Quite otherwise; it discards the licentious marriages perpetrated by sanction of Church and State, and proposes to lift the veil from their often iniquities. Well may the devotee of Pagan customs tremble and cry out: "It is a desecration of our holy institutions; crucify it, or our laws will be subverted! Though weighed in the balance and found wanting, this new 'UNIVERSE' shall not be our downfall; something must be done, or its teachings will cause the masses to think for themselves."

We answer: "When the work of this paper is accomplished, the old Mosaic arbitration must give place to that higher law which demands 'that ye love one another,' and be charitable to all adversaries."

We unto the Sodoms and Gomorrah's of the nineteenth century! Mrs. A. J. M.

REMOVAL OF THE UNIVERSE TO NEW YORK CITY.

The mission of THE UNIVERSE as the most thoroughly radical of reform journals, demands that it be placed where its facilities will be commensurate with its comprehensive purpose, and its means for effective work be as complete as it is possible to make them. The West can sustain it—indeed, it has been hailed by its people with an earnestness and an enthusiasm which surely indicates that it supplies a want heretofore unsupplied, and its future would attest this in the most tangible form of evidence, pecuniary support, without which no enterprise, however lofty and unselfish in its character, can succeed. But the material success of THE UNIVERSE was something since assured.

It remains, now, to locate its center and base of operations where it can command unlimited opportunities for the mighty material and spiritual work it has undertaken. Nowhere, in any country, are these opportunities more extensive than in the city of New York, the American metropolis, from which ready access is obtained to all quarters of the world.

Therefore, in accordance with this conception of its purpose and its needs, the Publisher hereby announces that from and after January 1st, 1870, THE UNIVERSE will be printed and published at the city of New York.

A Business Office will be maintained at Chicago, where subscriptions, advertisements, etc., will be received.

PERSONAL.

—Brigham Young weighs 200 pounds and his better half 5,000.

—Henry Ward Beecher says it will never do to "preach cream and practice skim-milk."

—Rev. Dr. E. H. Gray, for four years the Chaplain of the United States Senate, has resigned and returned to Massachusetts.

—It is reported in medical circles in Brunswick, that poor Charlotte will not outlive the present year.

—A Methodist minister in Tennessee is under arrest on a charge of trying to organize a band of thieves and murderers.

—Victor Hugo recently admitted to an intimate friend of his that he had no longer any good reason for staying away from France.

—Hon. John P. Hale and family have arrived in Paris from Madrid, and will remain there until December. They will not revisit America at present.

—Mrs. Cady Stanton is writing up the Women of the Bible (not including, probably, the women of St. Paul, who gave the troublesome advice not to speak, etc.).

—A Rhode Island deacon named Pearce, eighty years old, recently thrashed his son-in-law so soundly that a Court gave the young fellow a verdict of \$1,500.

—A special premium of six silver spoons is to be given by the Salem County, N. J., Agricultural Society to a girl, under sixteen years of age, who makes the best loaf of bread.

—Alexander Button, of Middletown, N. Y., raises large crops of melons every year, gives an annual melon party, and supplies the poor with all the melons they want, for nothing.

—The Wallace monument in Scotland is to be on Abbey Craig, 340 feet above the sea, and is to consist of a stone tower 230 feet high. About \$60,000 has been expended on the work.

—Jane Bretonne, a young girl at Dieppe, France, has saved the lives of fifteen sailors and fishermen during the past five years. She wears five medals of merit and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

—Lydia Maria Child has an article in the last *Independent*, warmly defending Mrs. Stowe for her revelation, and showing that she was not the only American woman to whom Lady Byron confided her secret.

—Morris Ketchum, whose son Edgar is in Sing Sing prison, has been horsewhipping a clergyman named J. Eaton Smith, of Westport, Conn., for slandering the aforesaid son. Smith has brought suit for assault.

—"Keddy the Blacksmith" desires to become a good man and an ornament to society, and has requested the removal of his portrait from the Rogues' Gallery. He thinks its exposure there will retard his efforts to reform.

—Horace H. Day has purchased twenty farms on both sides the Pequameque river, Passaic county, N. J., and will build there a manufacturing town, which he expects to make the largest Indian rubber mart in the world.

—"The Princess de Metternich is to retire from society for a little while, and is buying

lots of edgings, insertions, muslins, and so on, which she is making up into little garments too large for a doll and too small for herself."

—The King of Prussia, ambitions to shine as an author, after the example of Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon, the Kings of Saxony and Sweden, and the Orleans Prince, is preparing for publication a work on the union of Germany, with Count Bismarck as his collaborator.

—Goethe's birthday, the 28th of August, was celebrated at some of the principal German theatres by the representation of some of the poet's works. In Leipzig, "Faust" was represented; in Wiesbaden, "Egmont," and in Vienna, "Torquato Tasso."

—One day Byron visited Voltaire, who was not at home. To pester him he wrote upon his door—"Old rogue." Two days after he met the author of the *Henriade*. "I went to see you," said he, with a cunning look, "and did not find you." "I know it," replied Voltaire, "you left your name upon the door."

—At the recent term of the Circuit Court of Macon county, Mo., Mrs. Means obtained a verdict for \$5,000 damages against a man named White, for defamation of character. Upon the declaration of the verdict, Mrs. Means remitted \$4,000 of the judgment, avowing that she had sought to defend her reputation, and not for the money.

—The Crown Princess of Prussia said, the other day, to Mr. Schullz-Delitzsch: "Sir, you may believe that it is a great thing for a man to sit on a royal throne; but, tell me, if my husband had done what you have done for the poor people of Germany, I should be prouder of him than if he wore the grandest crown on his head." Mr. Schullz kissed the hand of the Princess, and was almost moved to tears.

—The La Crosse *Leader* tells the following: Some of the "noblest men of the forest" got on board of Conductor Green's train at Tomah, to come to La Crosse, and, as is usual with the aborigines, they took up their quarters in the baggage car. Mr. Green suggested that they had better go into the emigrant car, which they did, but soon returned with turned-up noses, and the head man delivered himself as follows: "We no like white man—he stink a heap."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—The best exercise of memory—remember the poor.

—Seven thousand women have been added to the voting register in Vienna.

—Sprained ankles will now be in fashion. Eugene wears hers that way.

—Edinburgh University will allow ladies to study medicine, but in separate classes.

—The Co-operative Clothing Cutters at New York have already been promised \$300,000 worth of work.

—The Grass Valley *National* says, California wants a new sensation, and a grand baby fair would fill the bill.

—An American invention of ventilated boots and shoes has been patented in France, and will be used by the grand armée.

—An editor down South, who served four days on a jury, says he's so full of law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody.

—The total amount of sugar now consumed by all nations, may be estimated at 2,500,000 tons. America consumes about 530,000 tons.

—An Englishman suggests the punishment of wife-beaters by means of a galvanic battery—a shocking punishment for a shocking crime.

—Mrs. Stanton is of the opinion that there is no worse thing than for women to sit idly after day taking care of miserable, sickly, pining children.

—The Boston *Post* says: "The fitness of women for office will no longer be questioned. A postmistress in Pennsylvania has been caught robbing the mails."

—Mr. E. B. Bigelow, President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, states that the value of our annual wool manufactures is \$175,000,000.

—The Social Science Association of Boston wants special schools established for instruction in cooking, housework, telegraphing, drawing, designing, etc., for the girls.

—A Vienna editor has been fined for publishing the following advertisement: "A young man of prepossessing appearance desires to get acquainted with a handsome married lady."

—The Atlanta Negro University opened on the 13th inst. The Trustees purchased sixty acres of land in the western part of the city. The University is a four-story brick building, 85 by 40 feet.

—In 1868 there were 2,208 books published in the United States, 107 of them imported in editions. Ninety-one of these were subscription books, and thirteen were books of American genealogy.

—An English clergyman took the pains to get the "sense" of his parishioners on the question of opening museums and galleries of art on Sundays. He reports that the keepers of grog-shops were "amongst the most savage opponents" of this proposition.

—At a New Hampshire Teachers' Institute, lately, Professor Crutenden, of New York, took strong ground against the present management of the memorizing faculty, and affirmed his belief that "mental arithmetics" killed off more children than did any of the diseases of childhood.

—It is said that a new description of lava is being thrown from the crater of Vesuvius since the last eruption, consisting of a beautiful mass of crystallized salt. This beautiful phenomenon has hitherto been unknown in volcanic natural history. The scientific bodies are engaged in investigating.

—"Do you think, doctor," asked an anxious mother, "that it will improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?" "I haven't a doubt of it, madam." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "The springs, madam, where you find plenty of soap."

—The Revolution suggests the establishment, at eligible points, of "Homes for Fallen Men." These men, it says, do not desire to be bad. "They are led astray by a false evil, a little paint and powder, a pretty foot, a nicely rounded form, a wink of the eye, a smile, or the flutter of a handkerchief."

—The St. Creprians in Massachusetts, who have one hundred and ten lodges, with a membership of over 30,000, have made arrangements to purchase coal in Philadelphia and flour in the West, and to transport them to that State for their use. They expect to obtain these articles by this means at a very cheap rate.

—The bronze statue of Jefferson, by the famous French sculptor David, which stands in front of the White House, Washington, is rapidly going to destruction. It is covered with verdigris, which is fast eating away the fine lines of the face and the roll of parchment, emblematic of the Declaration of Independence.

—An evidence that ladies are getting their fair share of literary work, at least, is seen in the fact that four English magazines are now edited by ladies, while some of the best known writers of fiction are of the gentler sex. It is stated that Sir Charles Lyell and a prominent member of Parliament each employs a lady in the capacity of